



TO THE READER.



Entle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne,
hauing alwaies regard to an others good, do
painfully beslow houres, dayes, and yeares, to
make that easie to others, which they with
great labour haue obtained; in their places,
vsing all meanes, to reclaime all persons
from all manner vices, and to furnish them
with such gifts of grace, as make the posses-
sors all ioyntly happy. From the man of experiance, which hath
learning and wisedome, thou mayst bee sure to receiuē good in-
struction. I know my selfe vnable to giue the Author of this booke,
his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet shoulde I seeme to
some, to flatter; to others, not to haue said enough: wherefore
for thy contentment, let this suffice thee: the author had his educa-
tion with the learned, his liuing among the greatest concourse of
people, and his life vnreprooueable. For his gifts, the world hath
already had sufficient experiance, in that famous worke of *Orlando*
Furioso. Whosoeuer thou art, I dare assure thee, thou mayest in
this discourse (as in a glasse) see thy present estate, and so not misse
to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou shalt finde pleasure,
both in the matter and forme, by considering thou shalt be able to
instruct thy selfe and others; but by practising as thou ought, thou
shalt finde settled happiness. Let the example of others be thy in-
struction, to flye that euill which hath beene their ouerthrow, and
to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankfull
first to God, then to the author, and lastly to thy Country-man,
who for thy sake without any other recompence, hath
taken the paines in most exquisite manner,
to bee thy interpreter.

Vale.



The Argument of the whole worke, and the reasons why Lodouico Ariosto writ these Seauen Satyres.



*H*E reasons why Master Lodouico Ariosto writ these seauen Satyres, so much renowned and esteemed amongst all the Italians, were grounded upon these ffe principles or discontentments,

First, the Post being giuen wholly unto his booke and studie, was in the twentieth yeare of his age (at what time he began to write his Orlando Furioso) entertained into the service of Don Hypolito, Cardinall of Esta, a great fauourer of learning and good wits: where he continued certaine yeares at his studie, being imployed by his Lord in many matters of great importance, vntill this strange accident hapned, which was the first occasion why he fell into disgrace with his Lord and master; and this it was.

The Cardinall Hypolito Master unto Ariosto, falling in loue with a yong Lady his kinswoman (who for her owne part was no lesse enamored of Don Julio the naturall brother unto the Cardinall) she confessed unto him, that the onely thing which occasioned her (aboue all other) to affect his brother, was the sweet aspect and beauty of his eyes; vpon which the Cardinall grew into so great abated against his owne brother, that by sealonsie turning his loue into too violent fury, he set espials ouer Don Julio when he shoulde goe out of the towne on hunting, and set vpon him with a company of villaines, whom the Cardinall commanded in his owne presence to thrust out the eyes of his brother, because they onely were the choice companions of his loue; an act no lesse infamous to the Cardinall, then intollerable to all humane government. Whereupon the Cardinall to escape all punishment that might happen to be inflicted vpon him, he presently fled to Agria a City in Hungary, whereof he was Archbishop, and lised there vntill the death of Julio the second then Pope of Rome, to auoid his fury who

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who was much incensed against him. And because Ariosto would now follow him thither, as other of his servants in his ranke did, he tooke it maruellously ill at his hands, and casting him from fauour upon so slight an occasion, gane the Poet a ground for his invention.

The second cause of his discontentment was, that he being of very familiar and inward acquaintance with the Medices of Florence, of which family two were Popes in his time, the one Leo the tenth, the other Clement the seventh, both which he followed in good will, and stood them in great stead as well when they were banished their country, as when they lived as private men in their own citie: but when he saw his expectation was deceived, and that he found them not so ready to requite his service as himselfe imagined he had (and that rightly) deserved, hee gave them ouer quickly, and left the Romane Court, retyring himselfe to liue privately in Florence. For abone all things he loued not to dance long attendance at the Court for any preferment, neither would he be bound (longer then he pleased) unto any man, altho'g he might haue had never so much, he prizing his libertie at so high a rate, as he esteemed the same more then the best Cardinals hat in Rome, as himselfe in his second Satyre affirmeth more plainly.

The third cause which made him passionate, was this: his father dying, left him a great charge, and very little living, there being five brothers of them, and as many sisters (besides his old mother) all which lay upon his hands to prouide for them, which was mo small corsue vnto him, to be troubled with so many worldly businesses, he being giuen by nature to ease, and to sit quietly at his booke; and this grieved him so much, as oftentimes he was giveng ouer his study cleane, meaning to follow the world another while, had it not beeene that hee was perswaded to the contrary by a gentleman a deare friend and kinsman of his, whom he dearely loued, called Pandolfo Ariosto, whose death afterward he very much lamented.

The fourth cause of discontentment was, he was much galled with the loue of women, wherunto he was a little too much giuen, it being a veniall sinne amongst the Italians; yet is he the rather to be pardoned, in that he often confesseth his fault, and sheweth himselfe to be sory for the same, wishing that he could haue amended it: and also because he denoted himselfe vnto the seruice of such as were honorable, as was

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that most faire and vertuous widow descended of the noble family of the Lapi in Florence, as he himselfe testifieth in one of his *Canzons*, in which he celebrateth the beauties and honors of his Mistresse, setting downe therein the time when, and the place where he first was in amoured of her; which was in Florence, in the yeare 1513. vpon Saint John Baptists day in June: at what time the Florentines under the conduct of their chiefe Captaines Julian and Peter di Medices, did solemnize many great feasts, and presented divers rich shewes and plases before the people, in honor of their brother Leo the tenth, who then was newly chosen Pope. But after Cardinall Hypolito died, Alfonso Duke of Ferrara allured Ariosto by all the meanes he could vnto his Court, offering him great offices and preferments to haue serued him in ordinary; but he louing his liberty more then any treasure, refused his proffer, and yet not altogether in such sort, but that in some fashion he was content to retaine unto him. Againe, had hee beene giuen to haue sought wealth, and to haue heaped riches together, he could no way haue been without them; for divers great Princes being willing to haue had him line in their Courts with them, made tender of many great pensions vnto him; but he accepted of none, onely he was content to offer his service (as I said before) to the afore said Duke Alfonso, whom he chose rather for country sake, and of meere loue to the place wherein he was borne, then for any great gaine or promotion which he expected.

Fiftly and lastly, to conclude, he wrote these Saytires in Cardinall Hypolitoes time, and whilst he continued with Alfonso Duke of Ferrara, who amongst other fauours done vnto him, made him president or lieutenant of a country called Grassignana (subject vnto his Duke-dome:) but because the people were very factious, and the country rebellious, and therefore he troubled ouer much with them, he tooke small pleasure in that government, but rather mightily complaineth thereof, as is to be seene in the fourth and seventh Saytire.

He was borne in Anno 1474. in the Castle Reggio, which standeth in Lombardy his father at that time being gouernour therof. He died of a paine he had in his stomacke, and was buried in Saint Benetts Church in Ferrara, haing a faire monument of marble with his statue placed thereupon, and an Epitaph whicch a gentleman a friend of his bestowed upon him.

The



THE FIRST SATYR OF ARIOSTOS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth what qualities such men ought to haue, who go about to purchase credite and wealth in the Courts of Princes: and that both his service and his writings haue beene most ungratefully requited by his Lord and Master.

To his brother Master A. A. and his friend L. B.

BRother, both of your selfe, and of my friend,
Ifaine would know this doubts vncertaine end:
Whether the Court thinks of vs as we be,
Or in obliuion drownes our memory.

Whether my Lord accuse my staying heere:
Or if I haue a friend so nobly deere,
As in mine absence will excuse my blame,
And gainst mine imputations, reasons frame:
That all be others follow him, yet I
May stay behind with ample honestye.
Or whether all of you most learnedly
Read in the wealthy rules of flattery,
(That Goddesse of great Courtiers) rather augment
By your soft smoothings, his high discontent:
And so lift vp the fury of his heart,
Beyond both reason, sense, and my desart.
Well: if you do so, you are then most wise:

For

2 *The first Satyre*

For so in these dayes Courtiers onely rise.
 He is a foole that striues to liue by losse,
 And tis wits madnesse when our Prince we crosse:
 Not though he said he saw the mid-day bright,
 Couered with starres as in the darke of night;
 No, he that will by great mens sauours liue,
 To sooth and flatter, must by no meanes grieue.
 Let greatnesse either praife or discommend,
 Do we not see how his attendants send,
 Their verdicts forth, to iumpe with what he saies
 Like Echos, or the Actors of stage plaies?
 And from their lips send vollies of consent,
 (As if were done by Act of Parliament,
 And if by chance, any amongst them be,
 (As t were most strange in such a company)
 That dares not speake so much for bashfulnesse,
 Yet shall his looke applaud it nerethelesse:
 And his oyld shining countenance tell, that he
 In silence doth commend their flattery.
 Though this in others you do discommend,
 Yet me it doth much reputation lend:
 Because what euer my resolues haue moulded,
 I plainly without flattery haue vnfolded,
 And vtterd forth my reasons in such sort,
 That no disgrace could to my fame retort:
 The least of which in this extremity.
 I hold of worthy strong validity.
 As first my life, which nature bids me prize,
 Aboue all wealth that's ynderneath the skies:
 Nor will I it by folly shorter make,
 Then fortune or the heauens predestinate.
 If I should spend in trauaile my best times,
 And sucke th' infectious aire of foraine climes,
 Being already sickly, I should die,
 Else *Valentine* and *Pesthunus* do lie.
 Againe, men say I know my bodies state,
 Better then any other can relate:
 Can iudge what for my selfe is good or ill,

a Two famous Physitions be-
 longing to *Alphonzo* Duke of
 Ferrara, the secound of that
 name, the last of which is said
 to haue beene borne with a
 greene palme in his hand, &
 therefore it was thought hee
 would prooue an excellent
 Physician, as afterward he
 did.

And

And therefore am referre to mine owne skilly
 Which being so, I know my natures strength
 Can not endure your cold clitnes: as at length,
 Your selues haue prou'd, and found that Italy
 Doth farre exceed the North in dignitie.
 Besides, the cold doth not offend me more,
 Then doth their stoues, whose heate I much abhor;
 My nature being such, that eu'en the sent
 I loath as't were a plague malevolent.
 Nor in the winter breathes with you a man,
 Without his hot house, bath, or warming pan;
 Where here with vs, nature doth order keepe,
 We drinke vntill we sweat, sweat till we sleepe;
 Eat till our iawes ake, game till our bones are wearie,
 Kisse till our lips smart: all things make vs merrie.

Then who that comes from vs, with you can liue
 In health, or to himselfe contentment give?

b When like *Riphaean* snowy mountaines hie,
 Many through sharpnesse of the aire doe die.
 As for my selfe, the vapours which exhale,
 And from my queasie stomacke rise and fall,
 Breeding Catarrhes, and my sicke braines vnrest,
 Which soone from thence fal downe into my breast;
 Would quickly rid me, in one night I know,
 Both of my life and sicknesse at a blow.
 Adde vnto this the strenght of fuming wine,
 Which boyles like poyson in these veines of mine,
 Which custome makes them quasse and to carowse;
 Who doth refuse, is sacrilegious.

Their meate with pepper, and with spices hot,
 Is mixt, to make them relish more the pot:
 Which diet Reason my Physitian saith,
 Will make my sorrow long, and short my breath.
 But you will answere me, that if I please,
 My selfe may be the Steward of mine ease,
 And both prouide warm lodgings and sound friends,
 Who will not tie me to those drunken ends,
 Which custome and the countries liberty,

A lo remilde M 8 aw 8
 ob 8 srgd 8 dld 8 to 8 cld 8
 twn 8 et 8 cld 8 vns 8
 to 8 mnl 8 wsg 8 o 8 mnl 8
 vns 8 l 8 vns 8

T 8 mnl 8 C 8 qd 8 l 8
 L 8 l 8 mnl 8 , 8 8 C 8 mnl

b He compareth that part
 of Hungary where the Cardi-
 nal was, vnto the cold *Riphean*
 mountaines in Scythia, which
 are euer couered ouer with
 snow.

4 *The first Satyre*

Hath knit to men of place and quality.
 You le say I may prouide my selfe a Cooke,
 Whose care might ouer my prouision looke:
 And that my selfe according to my pleasure
 Might with my coyne, my conduit water me asure.
 Whilst you and your associates with delight,
 Should make of one iust length both day and night:
 And I like to a Charterhouse close Fryer,
 Sit in my chamber, and attend my fire,
 Eat miue owne breath, and most impatiently,
 Like s Timon live without mans company.
 And yet this is not all, behinde is worse,
 I must haue household stufle, to plague my purse:
 Both for my kitchin, and my chambers grace,
 As fathers furnish brides in such a case.
 Besides, if master Pasquin, from his loue,
 For once or twice, should daine but to approue,
 To dresse my meat alone; yet in the end,
 He would my seuere humour discommend,
 And say, if such particulars I hold,
 I must prouide a Cooke of mine owne mould.
 And truely were my wealth strong as my will,
 Such counsell I would earnestly fulfill.

d Or if I had Francisco Stenias wealth,
 No Prince shoulde more followed then my selfe:
 But this great charge, I can no way support,
 My meanes doth yeeld my minde so little comfort,
 Besides, if to my Steward I should say,
 (What best these watrish humours doth alay)
 That buy, and buy (whatere thou paies) the bes,
 Because such things my stomacke doth digest:
 If once or twice to please me he do frame,
 Foure times at least, he will forget the same.
 Not daring sometimes buy them from this feare,
 Lest I should loathe it cause the price is deere.
 Hence comes it, oft I feed on bread alone,
 Which breedes in me the cholicke and the stone,
 Hence I liue priuate; hence I am subiect much;

b Timo was a Nobleman of Athens, who for the ingratitude of that city became so inhumane that he grew in hate of all mens companies.

c This was Cardinall Hypolitoes Cooke, whom hee had with him into Hungary.

d This was one of the greatest landed men in Ferrara, whose father maried the base daughter of Borzo, sometime Duke of that Citie, by whom he had a mighty Massc of treasure.

e To choler, and to every peccish tuch:
 Fretting and fuming with such pecu iſhnesſe,
 That in my best friends, I leauē doubtfulnesſe.
 f Apollo thee I thanke, it is thy will,
 And you faire Muses of the learned hill,
 I find that for your ſakes I not poſſeſſe
 Apparell that will cloath my nakedneſſe.
 But ſay, my Lord doth (as it is moſt true)
 Each ſeuerall yeare make me apparell new:
 Yet for your ſakes that he perfromes the ſame,
 Tis moſt vntreue, or ſo to thinke a blame.
 HImſelfe auowes as muſh, and well I may
 With reputation write what he doth ſay;
 Yet am no nearer my cares to rehearſe,
 Sith he reſpects strawes better then my verſe.
 All creatures can comiend ſweet poeſie,
 But none reſpect the Poets pouerty.
 f That famous worke which I in painefull wife
 Compos'd to raife his glories to the ſkies,
 He doth deny the merit of all fame,
 Learning muſt beg; but rich men are to blame.
 To gallop vp and downe, and poſt it hard,
 My Lord auowest'is he deſerues reward,
 Who keepeſ his banquett-houſe and banco ſweet:
 And like a Spaniell waiteſ upon his feet.
 That nicely playes the ſecret Chamberlaine,
 And watches euery houre with great paine:
 Or he that to his bottles cleanly lookeſ,
 And cooleſ his ale or wine in running brookeſ:
 Or elſe his Page that dares not close an eye,
 Vntill the Bergamiskes induſtrioſly
 Doe beat on their anuils, whose very ſound
 Brings the poore sleepy boy into a ſwound.
 To theſe he giueſ his great beneuolence,
 And doth approne their worthes by recompence.
 He ſaiſh if in my bookeſ he prayſed be,
 Tis nothing or to him, or vnto me,
 And that it was the ſeede of idle time,

e Ariosto by nature was very cholerick, to be moued for any ſmal trifle, as may appeare by the breaking of the porters pots, which is ſpoken of in the ſtory of his life.

f Apollo was the god of wiſe-dome, and only fauourer of Poets and Learning.

f He meaneth Orlando Furioso, about which worke Ariſto ſpent almoſt 18 yeares, taking his ſubiect out of Count Boyardo, Earle of Scandiane in Lumbardy, who finiſht 3. bookeſ of Orlando Inamorato.

The first Satyre

Nourisht by vanity and foolish time; thin galore oT
 And from my seruice he might more haue gained, nre oT
 If I in other sort to him retained.

What if within the Milian Chancery, h
 Vnder the shew of some authority, R
 He hath beflow'd not fully out a third, v
 Of that true gaine the place might well afford. Vqq
 Vnto my labour? yet what was done therin, & w
 Was, that my trauell might his profit bring; H
 And thae mine endlesse trauell and my cares, Y
 Might bring an end vnto his great affaires. m
 Wel: S Virgil if thou wilt be worldly wise, u
 Let my too deare bought counsell thee advise; W
 Thy harp, thy booke, thy verse with darknesse shade,
 And in thine old age learne some handy trade;
 Or if thou hopest in this world to gaine, s
 Some office get, or to some Prince retain; B
 For worse plague I care with mine enemy, n
 Then to be famous for sweete Poetry. C
 Yet this be sure, thy liberty is lost, H
 Uncertainty of place so deare doth cost. J
 Nor thinke although thou liuest vntill thy haire goT
 Like flakes of snowie Apennus appare, Q
 Or that thy Lord as many old daisies haue,
 As aged Nestor bore vnto his graue: i
 Thinke not, I say, that thou shalt tuer come, s
 By him or by his meanes to higher roome. o
 Or if once tierd with seruitude thou please, n
 But to looke backe or turne vnto thine easse; b
 Blest maist thou be if he vouchsafe to take, a
 But from thee what he gau for vertues sake; l
 And so without more thought of iniury, o
 Send thee away with thredbare charity. p
 As for my selfe what euer he hath giuen, s
 If he backe take and make my fortunes euен, b
 Because that Buds neither Agria I
 Would see, or follow him in Hungaria: g
 Yet I mislike not, force makes me content,

This was a certaine office
 of no great value in Millaine,
 which the Cardinall bestowed
 vpon him.

S Virgill was the most fa-
 mous Poet of Mantua, and in
 all a hye esteeme with Augustus the
 Emperour.

Two famous cities in Hu-
 gary, wherof the first now
 called Osm, hath under the
 walles towards the northwest
 side, two fountaines or springs
 running out of a maine hill,
 the one of which is passing
 cold, & yet sauoreth of brim-
 stune, & the other so hot that
 one cannot suffer his finger in
 it. The other city called Agria
 was an Archbischopricke, and
 the Cardinall Lord thereof,
 where he staid during the pa-
 pacy of Iulio the second, whose
 fury he feared, because he had
 dealt so vnnaturally & barba-
 rously with his owne brother,
 as is shewed before in the ge-
 nerall argument. Both thei
 townes are now subiect to the
 Turke.

And shall doe, since against me he is bent;
Although away those prosperous plumes he bring,
Which euen himselfe did fixe vnto my wing;
Although he doe exclude me from all grace,
And will not smile on me with chearefull face:
i Although he say I am disloiall proued,
Respectlesse, base, ynworthy to be loued;
And that his publike speeches doe declare,
How much he hates my memory and name:
Yet patience shall within my bosome fit,
And thinke that I was borne to suffer it.
This was the reason that I haue remoued
My best obseruance, since I was not loued:
Knowing it was effectles to approue
To bring incensed greatnes backe to loue.

k *Rogero*, if thy royll progeny,
From their disdaine blast me with oblique,
And I from them haue nothing goc altho
Their worthy valours and braue deeds I shoc,
Spending my time and wit most studiously,
To raise them tombes vnto eternity;
Then what should I doe with them? tis well knowne
I am no falkoner, all my art is flowne
From such light vanities; I haue not the skill,
To make my spaniels noses please my will:
Nor was I euer brought vp to the same,
Or can thereto my wort indeauours fraine:
For I am big, vnwieldly, grosse and fat,
And such strong motions gree not with my state,
I haue no curious taste, or eye of fire,
To please the tongue or the ynchaist desire.
Steward nor Cates to a noble man
I was not borne to be, I nothing can
In those low offices. It had bin good,
I then had liu'd when men eat homely food.
m *Gismund's accounts*, I will not one me take,

n This was the Cardinals Steward, meaning he would not, if he might, haue his place, al-
though he fared very daintily; for he was giuen by nature to feed meanely and grossely.

i The Cardinal Hypolite was
much incensed against Ariosto,
because he would not follow
him into Hungary, as the rest
of his men did.

k The house of Esta is said
to haue descended from Ro-
gero the famous Palladine
which belonged vnto Charles
the greate. This *Rogero* is re-
ported to come from the stock
of Alexander the greate; his fa-
ther was King of Riza not far
from the mountaine of Carina
& his mother was called faire
Galucella, who was sister vnto
Agramant King of Africke,
whose chiefe citry was Bizer-
ta, quite razed and destroyed
by Charles the greate, and his
Palladines. *Rogero* afterwards
lost his life through the trea-
son of that notable arch-tray-
tor *Gano*, falling into a won-
derfull deepe pit, wherein he
with *Gradafos* King of Serica-
no, who had married *Rogeros*
sister *Marsysa*, were most pitio-
fully famished to death: for
which, with other horrible
treasons more, *Gano* being af-
ter taken, was torne in pecces
with wild horses.

l Ariosto neither loued hun-
ting, hawking, nor much ri-
ding; for growing in yeares
hee became very corpulent,
grosse and unwieldy.

8. *The first Satyre*

In Pope *Iulio* the secend, intending to make warres vpon the Duke of Ferrara, (whose brother the Cardinall *Hypolito* was) *Ariosto* was chosen as a most fit man to goe in ambassage vnto him, to pacifie his wrath, which businesse he managed so wel, that he wan great reputation vpon his retурne home againe: yet the aforesyd Pope, afterward falling out againe with the Duke, and euery man shunning the office of Ambassadour vnto him, knowing his furious and angry nature; *Ariosto* once more for the seruice of his Prince, and the safety of his country, did aduentur to take this hard enterprise in hand, where he had like to haue lost his life, but that he secretly got away. This Pope *Iulio* was fitter to haue beene a Souldier then a Priest, of whom it is sayd, that hearing he had lost certaine of his army in the battell, apparelled himselfe in compleat armour, and marching on the way as he came ouer Tyber, he in a great rage threw the keyes of Peter therin, saying, he would see if the sword of *Paul* would stand him in better steed.

¶ He alludeth to a certaine signe in Rome, where a man is painted, waiting and attending on a Beare.

¶ By these he taxeth certaine vnworthy gentlemen in Rome who being allied vnto the Pope were called vnto dignities vndeservedly.

Nor vnto Rome an idle journey make, 50 billion bna
Posing with all my reasons to asswage 50 billion bna
The fiery heate of great *Secundus* rge. 50 billion bna
But say, my fortune at such ods should runne, 50 billion bna
That needes by me such service must be done, 50 billion bna
I feare me in the businesse would be found, 50 billion bna
Dangers more great, and able to confound. 50 billion bna
Besides, if such hard seruices must be, 50 billion bna
And that men must attend with slauery, 50 billion bna
¶ As doth *Arctophylax* vpon the Beare: 50 billion bna
He that desires to purchase gold so deere 50 billion bna
Let him enjoy it freely; for my selfe 50 billion bna
I will not at so high rate buy my wealth. 50 billion bna
Before aduancement in such sort shall please, 50 billion bna
Ile only study how to gaine mine ease: 50 billion bna
Rathir then cares shall compasse me about, 50 billion bna
And from my mind thrust contemplation out. 50 billion bna
Which though my body it enrich not right, 50 billion bna
Yet to my mind it addes such rare delight, 50 billion bna
That it deserueth in immortall stories, 50 billion bna
To be enrold with all admired glories. 50 billion bna
And hence it comes, my poterty I beare, 50 billion bna
As it on earth my best of best things were. 50 billion bna
This makes that brothell wealth I doe not loue, 50 billion bna
Or that great name or titles doe me moue: 50 billion bna
Or any State allurements so adore, 50 billion bna
That I will sell my liberty therefore. 50 billion bna
This makes me neuer to desire or craue, 50 billion bna
What I not hope for, nor am like to haue. 50 billion bna
Nor choler nor disdaine doth me assaile, 50 billion bna
Nor inward enuy shewes my countenance pale; 50 billion bna
Sith ¶ *Maron* or *Celio* are Lords created, 50 billion bna
Or from low basenesse into greatness staled. 50 billion bna
Nor doe I care for sitting at great tables, 50 billion bna
Soothing the humour of these pufpast bables; 50 billion bna
But hold them as the scum of foolery, 50 billion bna
Whom rymer taxe in idle balladry. 50 billion bna
¶ *Thos*

That I without assistance am content,
 To walke on foot, and make my selfe content,
 To follow mine affaires; and when I ride,
 To knit my cloake-bag to my horses side,
 As much doth please me, as at my command,
 A world of mercenary knaues did stand.
 And sure I thinke my sin is lesse each way,
 In this (for I respect not what men say).
 Then when in Court I am inforst to bribe,
 And every scornefull proud delay abide;
 Ere our most lawfull suites vnto the Prince,
 We can preferre, and be dispatch from thence:
 Or slander honest titles, or subvert,
 Right without reason, conscience or desert;
 Only to shew our malice, or what's worse,
 (Because thereon doth hang a heauy curse)
 To make poore Parsons buy their tenths so deare,
 That they are double forc't their sheepe to sheare,
 Besides, it makes me with a pure devotion,
 Thanke my good God for my lowe safe promotion,
 And that where ere I come I this haue proued,
 I liue amongst the best, and am beloued.
 Tis knowne, though I no seruice had, I haue
 p Goods to maintaine me, and to buy a graue.
 That which to me from birth and fortune came,
 Is such as I may boast without my shame:
 But for I will not worke you too much paine,
 To my first song I will returne againe;
 That I no true occasion haue to grieue,
 Because in your commerçement I not liue,
 I haue already strenght of reasons showne,
 And yet if more should be vnto you knowne,
 It would be to no end; sith I doe see,
 That our opinions warres will not agree.
 Yet with one other more I will contest,
 Because I hold it stronger then the rest:
 If from my poore house should start away,

p. Ariosto being of naturede
 sirous to be quiet, and to bee
 his owne man, had rather
 haue a small thing of his own,
 then to serue others & enjoy
 much: for indeede his liuing
 was but small, although hee
 set a good face on the matter.

q. Although Ariosto were his
 fathers eldest Son, yet he had
 foure brethren more, and five
 sisters, & therefore his liuing
 could not be but small, consi-
 dering his charge. The names
 of his brethren were Charles,
 Alexander, Galasso and Gabriel:
 Charles was a Souldier, & was
 then in Hungary with a friend
 of Ariostos, a Captaine called
 Cleantus, who hauing the kee-
 ping of a Castle there, was dri-
 uen from it by the Turkes.

Alexander was secretary to the
 Cardinall Hypolyto, & followed
 him into Hungary: but Gabriel
 although he were born lame,
 yet Ariosto brought him vppe
 so well, as he became a rea-
 sonable good schollar, and fol-
 lowed his booke hard, yet
 much inferior to his brother.

All would to wracke, I being all their assay,
 Of fve of vs (all which now living are) I and
of
Three are remoued into Regions farre: well to T
 As Charles, who in that kingdome meanes to stay,
 From whence the Turkes Cleambus drive away:
 Gallaso for a Bishopricke in Rome, am to L how A
 Doth daily gape and lookes when it shold come.
 Thou Alexander doft with my Lord remaine, JUL
 Making thy seruice purchase of thy gaine.
 Onely poore Gabriel's here, but what wouldst thou
 That he should doe hereafter? or what now? no 79 E
 He as thou know'ſt, of hands and feete is lame; W
 And so into this wretched world first came. asil 50
 Abroad he hath not gone, which cannot goe;
 Little hath ſene, and leſſe then that doth know: R
 Only at home he doth ſecurely bide. (asil 223)
 Now he that takes vpon him for to guide L 101
 A house, as I haue done, muſt haue respect, asil 17
 That they doe not the impotent neglect.
 My mayden ſister is with me beside, asil 101
 Whose dowry I am bound I ſhall prouide. asil 101
 Till which I haue effected honeſtly, asil 101
 I cannot ſay nor thinke that I am free.
 Lastly, th'vnwieldy age of mine old mother asil 101
 Doth all my other cogitations couer: asil 101
 She muſt not be forsaken of vs all, asil 101
 Vnleſſe to ruine we will head-long fall. asil 101
 Often I am the eldeſt, and am growne asil 101
 An old man full forty foure yeares knowne: asil 101
 My head is bald, and for I ſickneſſe feare, asil 101
 My braines to comfort, I a night-cap weare. asil 101
 The ſmall remaynder of my life behind, asil 101
 To keepe it curiouſly is all my minde. asil 101
 But thou whose iſſue from my mothers wombe, asil 101
 After me fully eighteene yeares diſt come, asil 101
 Goe thou and ſerve my Lord, and ſpend thy breath asil 101
 In heate, in cold, in danger and to death. asil 101
 Go view the world, high Dutch and Hungary,

Hee was a moft ductifull
 and charitable man to all his
 poore kindred, especially vnto
 his old mother, who liued
 in the house with him many
 yeares, of whom hee had a
 moft reverend care and reſpect.

Attending on him most obsequiously.
Serue for vs both, and where my zeale doth lack,
Make thou amends and bring my fauours back.
Who if he truely please of me to thinke,
The seruice I can doe him is with imke
To giue his fame large wings not in the field;
To prooue my force, in such assaults I yeeld.
Say vnto him, Great Lord at thy commaund,
My brothers seruices doe humbly stand,
Whil I at home with a shrill trumpets sound,
Will spread his worthy name vpon the ground;
That it shall goe as farre as sea or land,
Yea and beyond the *Gadean* pillars strand.
To Ariano and Filo it shall fly,
But not so farre as flowes swift Danuby:
For my weake Muse can hardly iumpe so farre,
So wet(alasse)my feete and body are.
But could the glasse of time to me restore,
Those fifteene yeares which I haue spent before,
Then would I never doubt but that the fire
Of my quick braine through all worlds shold aspire,
But if he thinkes because he gives to me,
Each foure monthes twentyfiue crowns for a fee:
Which pension is not alwayes duely payd,
But many times by many humours stayd:
I therefore shall such bondage to him owe,
As if I were his villaine, and not know
Ought but his will, my health and life neglect,
Enter all dangers without all respect:
Ifso he thinkes, his greatnessse is mistaken,
Nor shall he finde my liberty for saken.
Tell him ere ile liue in such flauery,
Ile entertaine most loathsome pouerty.
Once there an Asse was, of his skinne and bone

Atak,

So leane, that vnder them he flesh had none,
Who stealing through a hole that broken was,
Into a barne well stufft with corne did passe,
Where he so cloyd his stomacke and his hart,

*f Two cities standing in the
furthest parts of the duke
of Ferrars dominions.*

That he grew fat and full in every part;
His body growne to such a shaplessesse masse,
That like a tun his huge proportion was,
But in the end fearing if he should stay,
His bones too dearely for his meat should pay;
Intends to issue forth where he came in,
But is deceiu'd, for why his bellies sinne,
Hath made his bulke so great with that he stole,
His head can hardly now peepe through the hole:
Nearthlesse he striues and strugges much in vaine,
Lost is his labour and his bootelesse paine,
A little mouse which spi'd him, thus did say,
Assc if from hence thou wilt thy selfe conuay,
Thy body thou must bring to such poore case,
As when thou first didst come into this place.
Leane and like carion must thy carcasse be:
Else ne're expect safe harmelesse liberty.
Hence I conclude, and boldly dare impart,
That if my Princely master from his hart
Thinke with his gifts that he hath purchast me,
It shall not to my selfe ought grieuous be,
That I restore them backe to him againe,
So I my former liberty may gaine.
Freedome I onely loue, since I did heare,
That men doe many times buy gold too deare,



THE SECOND SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth in his owne person that nature is contented with little, and how much a man shoulde esteeme of his liberty. The troublesome life of Church-men, & the great miseries wherin those of the Court of Rome liue.

To his Renerend Brother

G. A.



Ith mine affaires, not my desires, become
The causes why I goe to visite Rome,

a When Card'nals change their skins like to the Snake,

And for their god do better choices make:

Now when no dangerous sickneses abound,
To infect mens bodies that are weake or sound;

Although a greater plague afflicts their mindes,

b Whilst that same wheele or *Rota* turns and winds:

O not that wheele, which doth *Ixion* scourge,

But that which doth in Rome so shrewdly purge

Mens purses;whilst through long and vile delaies,

Lawyers on them(As fowle on carion) praiest:

c *Gallasso* pray thee take for me(not far

From that same place where thy cōmercements are,

I meane neare to that sumptuous Temple braue,

Which ancient Fathers that stout Priests name gave,

a At the election of new Cardinals, and at the death of the old, the other Cardinals (vse through friendship) to exchange their first liuings for others that are better.

b This is one of the greatest offices belonging to the Apostolical see, it is not much different from the Rolles here with vs in England.

c This was his third brother of whom hee spake in his first Satyre, he was a Church-man, and lay in Rome to get some benefice or Church luuing.

d This was his man he kept,
and one that had serued him
long, his name was *John de*
Pascia, to whom when he died
he left halfe of all the moue-
ables he had, because he had
beene an honest and faithfull
seruant vnto him.

Who *Malchas* care from off his head did cleave,
And more had done might he haue had but leue)
A lodging for foure beasts : by which I meane,
d Account me with my man (old *John*) for twaine.
The other two a *Moile* and *Gelding* is,
A tyred iade, that all his teeth doth miffle.
Let it be lightsome, but not mounting hie,
I cannot brooke this climbing to the skie.
A chimney let it haue that will not smoake,
For such perfumes doe both me blind and choake.
Of our poore iades, thou likewise must take care,
For shold their prouender be scant or bare,
Little the stables warmth would them auaile,
And in my iourney I shold hap to fail.
My bed and bedding of the best I craue,
That so my rest might sweeter quiet haue.
The matter cotton of fine wooll and thiane,
By no meanes let it be within an Inne.
My wood to burne, I would haue old and dry,
That it might dressle my meate conueniently.
A bit of Mutton, Beefe, or Lambe, or Veale,
For me and for my man doth full auaile.

e Although the Poet was
very carefull of his health,
and very precise in small mat-
ters, yet in his dyet he was
very plaine and grosse, and
not ouer dainty in feeding at
all, as himselfe affirmeth in
the first Satyre.

f This was a noble man of
Mantua, who delighted so
much in gluttony as hee had
choice & change of all sauces
for all kinds of meates ; hee
sued to eate the more to in-
crease his appetite. He was
surnamed by some *Lucullus* of
Mantua.

e No curious Kitchin cooke I doe desire,
With sauce to set mine appetite on fire :
Making me haue a stomacke aginst my will,
Or being full haue still desire to fill.
Let those proud curious Artists vse their braine,
To keepe their pots and vessels siluer cleanc,
And tend on Ladies, or for recompence
f Strive to content *Vorranos* glutton sense :
Whilst I with a poore Scullion am content,
And being cleanly, thinke him excellent.
He that by eating, seekes still how to eate,
And makes not hunger sauce vnto his meate,
Let him goe cast his vomit farre from me,
He neither hold his rule nor company.
Cookes now on every vpstart fellow waite,
Who but ere while did Cheese and Onions eate,

And

And in a russet frocke was glad to keepe,
 On barren hils his masters flocks of sheepe ;
 But now (this Bore) growne rich by fortunes grace,
 Shames euen to heare of his first fortunes place.
 His Pheasants, Larks, and Black-birds haue he must,
 Who erst was glad to leape euen at a crust :
 Alwaies to feede vpon one dish of meate,
 Doth cloy his stomacke, and he cannot eate.
 He now the wild Bores taste doth truly know,
 Which vp and downe the drier mountaines goe,
 From th'other which rich *Elizean* fields,
 (Fatned) vnto the Roman market yelds.
 I seeke no water from the fountaines cleare,
 But that which comes from Tyber, and is neare,
 So it be settled well and very pure ;
 For troubled waters hardly I endure :
 For wine it skils not, yet good wine I loue,
 And mixt with water many times doe prouie.
 (Though very little) and the Tauerne still,
 Will yeld as much or little as I will.
 The wines which grow vpon the marrish brinke,
 Vnlesse delayed, much I neuer drinke.
 The stronger wine my braine doth make the worse,
 Offends my stomacke, and my voice makes hoarse.
 What then will these do, which are drunke with you ?
 I doubt the proose I shall but finde too true.
 § The Corsicke wines, and those of faithlesse *Greece*,
 Nor the *Lygurian*, though all of one peece,
 Are not so vile as these : these are so strong,
 That to the best conceits they doe much wrong.
 The Fryer that in his study priuate sits,
 Is with this liquor thrust out of his wits,
 The whilest with expectation and much doubt,
 The wondring people gaze and looke about.
 When he the Gospels blessed truth should show ;
 Who comes no sooner forth, but vp doth goe
 Into the Pulpit with a fiery grace,
 A red-rose cheeke, and a distempred face :

g The wines of the lland of
 Corsica, are so excellent good
 and strong, as there is a pro-
 uerbe in Italy of them, which
 is, *Vn Corso, vn Greco, vn Ro-*
manesco.

Making a noise with violence of passion,
And swearing out the scriptures in strange fashion,
Threatning with judgments and such damned Fate,
That all his audience he makes desperate.

^h This also troubleth *Messier Moskins head*,
Whilst he is caried drunke vnto his bed,
And Frier *Gnaling* with his company,
Faining to hate *Vernachia* mightily :

Who once but got out of their cloyster doore,

ⁱ To th' *Gorgon* or the *Aethiopian More*
They go, and there Pidgeons and Capons fat,
They eate vntill they breathe and sweat thereat :
So likewise vsē they, when as all alone,

They forth from their Refectory are gone.

Prouide mee bookees to passe those houres away,
In which Romes Prelates onely feed and play.
Who once at board, they giue a strait command,

None enter at their gates in any hand:

As Friers doe vsē, who bout the mid of day,

^k (Although your ring the bell, cry loud, or pray)
Yet once set at the table, they le not moue,
Were it to gaine more then a Princes loue.

My Lord Ile say (for brother is to base,
Since Spanish complement stroke plainnesse place,
And Sr. is sent to euery bawdy house,
Tis now so common and ridiculous :

Signior Ile terme the basest Rascall now,
And making curtſie low vnto him bow)
For Gods sake pray your reuerend Lord to daine

To lend his eare whilſt I of wrongs complaine.

^l *Agora non se puede*, will he say,
Et meggiore, (good sir) to go your way.

E vos torneis a la magnana. Then

If you reply vpon him fresh agen,
And say ; yet let me trouble you once more,
Tell him I doe attend him at the doore :
Then surly *S Cerberus* growes Peacocke proud,
And this rough answeare thunders forth aloud.

^h A notable drunkard, but o-
therwise a man that had good
partes in him, being Steward
or Bailiffe vnto the Monaste-
ry of Saint Maria, Ara Celi, a
house of Franciscan Friars in
Rome, of which conuent also
Frier *Gnaling* was, , a good
scholler, but ouer much giuen
to drinking.

ⁱ Two of the chiefest tauerns
in Rome where most comon-
ly the best wine & best victu-
als were, & where most Dutch-
men resort , when they come
to the City.

^k It is a fashion in religious
houses, when they are once
set at dinner or supper, neuer
to open their doore vnto any
man , knocke they neuer so
much, vntill they are risen frō
the table; which order the Ie-
suites obserue more strictly
then any other.

^l He setteth down the proud
humor of the Spaniard when
he is at his table , in his owne
language.

^S *Cerberus* was a dog or mō-
ster with three heads, & fained
to be the porter of hell, to wch
our Poet doth compare the
porters of the Italian mona-
staries and the chamberlaines
of the Cardinals.

I tell thee friend, my Lord is at repose,
 And will not troubled be with suters woes:
 He will not speake with Peter, Paul, nor John,
 Nor heare the embassie of any one:
 ■ No though his master Nazareth were here,
 He would not daine to moue out of his chaire.
 And therefore thou nor manners hast nor shame,
 Thy suites at such vnfittisg times to frame.
 But had I Linx his eyes on them to pry,
 As with my mindes eyes I them full espy,
 Or were they but transparent like to glasse, (passe:
 That through their inmost thoughts my sight might
 Such deedes I then(perhaps)should see them act
 Within their priuy chambers : that the fact
 Would give them iuster cause themselues to hide
 From heauens Sun, then any man beside.
 But they in time I hope will quite forsake
 This loathed life, and better vertues take.
 This as an Item is to their transgression,
 To shew I wish and pray for their conuersion.
 But sure I am, thou longst to know why I
 Desire to visite Rome thus speedily:
 ■ Well I will tell thee : Tis because I seeke
 A liuing small by patent safe to keepe:

vnto him, that the young Gentleman (although very loth) knowing his Lords cholericke nature, returned backe to the Cardinall; certifying him once more that the aforesaid partie desired very earnestly to speake with him but one word from the Pope, and that it was Mr. Paul Archdeacon of Saint Anastalens, one of the masters of the Chancery; to whom St. George (raising himselfe vp a little in his chaire, and looking very angerly vpon his man) burst out into these blasphemous speeches: Tell him I will not speake with Paul nor Peter, no nor with their Master the Nazareth himselfe now I am set at dinner. The Gentleman hearing such a terrible shot discharged at his eare, made hast to report the same to the Atchdeacon, who was walking vp and downe before the doore to coole himselfe; who hearing the Cardinals answer, made the signe of the crosse & blessed himselfe saying, It may be well that St. George who is a Soldiers rough companion, & on that wanteth good manners might send such an answer; But I am sure, Christ himselfe would never haue sent so plaine a message vnto his Holinesse; and thereupon he departed. ■ Linx was a Monster with many eyes and was supposed to see all things. ■ This office I speake of before, was giuen him by the Cardinall, which he sought to get during his owne life by patent from the Pope, the same being one of the chiefe occasions why he would lie a while in Rome.

m This speech is reported to come from Cardinall Saint George who being high Chamberleine vnto the Ap stolicke sea, & a man of mighty wealth and authority, it hapned that the Pope (that then was) sent one of his chiefe officers to speake with him about some matter of importance : he being then set at dinner, wherevpon one of the Cardinals Gentlemen tolde his Lord in his eare , that there was one very desirous to speake with him from his Holinesse: but he not noting any thing , made shew as if he did not heare his man ; whereupon the partie returned backe vnto him that was at the doore, certifying him that he had deliuered his message, but his Lord seemed to give no eare vnto him. Notwithstanding this the messenger tolde him , hee must needes speake with him , and withall vsed such persuasions

An office tis, which I in Millan hold,
(Although but small) yet more then lose I would:

o And to prouide Saint Agaps parsonage,
I might possesse, if th' old Priest worne with age,
And much expence of time, should hap to die,
During the time, my fortunes there should lie.

Thou wilt suppose I run into the net,
Which I was wont to say, the diuell did set

To catch those fooles, whose cuer burning hearts
Swallowes their makers bloud without desarts:

But tis not so, my thoughts did ne're agree,
To loue this cure or callings soueraginty:

My meaning is, the liuing to bestow
On such a one as mine owne thoughts do know

Fit for the same, for his liues grauity,
His learning, manners, vertue, honesty.

p To be a sacred Priest I will not proue,
Cope, Rochet, Surplice, nor a Stole I loue:

Nor will I haue a shau'd annoyned crowne,
Or weare the ring which bishops do renowne.

In vaine I goe about to take a wife,
If I should aime at a religious life:

Or hauing taken one but to suppose,
That for the Church & were fit my wife to lose:

But both these callings are of such desart,
That all be I adore them in my heart:

Yet when I thinke how full they are of care,
Of neither (with resolute) I venture dare.

Priest-hood and mariage, who so doth obtaine,
Saue but by death, no freedome can attaine.

But here (perhaps) thou maiest demand of me,
My reasons fault and insufficiency:

Wherfore so great a burthen I do take,
And instantly the same away do shake,

Seeking to give mine honours to another.
Well; though thy selfe, my friends and every other,

Shall blame, nay hate me, sith I doe let goe,
And will not take my fortunes when they flie;

Yea

o Saint Agaps is a Church in Rome, not far from the Piscaria or Fishmarket, the reuer-
sion of which benefice Ariosto was offred, although he would not accept thereof, as you
may reade a little after.

p Two thingg our Poet re-
uerenced, and would often
commend them, the one was
Priest-hood, and the other
Mariage; and yet he liked ne-
ther of them both.

Yea since at bounties hands Ile not accept
 The gifts of greatnesse, but doe all neglect;
 To shriue my soule to thee, and shew the cause,
 Which me to such a course of folly drawes:
 ¶ Tis thus. The old Priest hauing vnderstood,
 By the best friends both to his age and bloud;
 That vnder hand his death was closely wrought,
 By one that for his holy liuing sought;
 Fearing by poysone to be made away,
 He sends for me, and humbly doth me pray:
 That I into the open Court would come,
 And there take resignation of his roome:
 Thinking this meanes to be the onely best,
 By which his life might in most safety rest.
 I thankt him for it, yet did all I could,
 That he to thee or Alexander would,
 (Whose nature in no opposition stands,
 With holy Orders or with holy hands)
 His right and interest passe; but't would not be,
 Nor to my motions would his sense agree.
 Nor you, nor his owne kindred would he trust,
 But (like himselfe) thought all men were vaine:
 Onely my selfe aboue a world he chose,
 And on my faith did all his trust repose:
 But when I saw from him I could not haue it
 To doe you good; vnto a third I gaue it.
 Many, I know, will me condigne therein,
 Sith (carelesse) I refuse such good to winne.
 The rather, sith preferment in it is,
 Whose pathes who treads can neuer honour misse.
 ¶ Those poore religious wormes, scarce profitable,
 Simple, vnlearned, weake, vnfite, vnable,
 Base and despis'd, contemned of greatest part,
 Haue got on bell deserts so much the sturt,
 As greatest kings are glad they may adore them,
 And blest is he that most may fall before them.
 But who so holy or so wise hath beeene,
 As in his life no fortune hath o'reseeche?

q Ariosto was a man of so good
 a conscience, that a certaine
 old Priest hauing a fat bene-
 fice, called Saint Angello, in the
 Piscaria in Rome, of which we
 but now speake, and being in
 doubt to be poysoned, for
 greedinesse of the same, by
 some of his neerest kindred,
 who thought to haue had the
 next Aduowson hereof; had
 so good an opinion of the ho-
 nesty of Ariosto, as he offred to
 resigne the same vnto him du-
 ring his life, and to soiourne
 with him rather then with a-
 ny of his owne friends. Ariosto
 in some sort accepted of his
 kind proffer, perswading him
 to resigne it vnto one of his
 brethren, because he liked not
 (as I told you before) to be a
 Churchman: which when he
 could not by any meanes
 bring the old Priest vnto, he
 then got him to bestow it vpō
 another honest man fit for
 the place.

r Hetaxeth religious men,
 who vnder the colour of hu-
 mility are grown so proud, as
 the greatest Monarchs are
 glad to humble themselues
 vnto them.

201 *The second Satyre*

Either in little or in much I know,
There's none that can himselfe so perfit shew,
Each man his humor hath; and this is mine,

s He priseth his liberty at a
higher rate then to be the
wealthiest Cardinall in all
Rome.

s Before I will my liberty resigne,
The richest hat in Rome I would refuse,
Though King or Cardinall they should me chuse.
What good to me is got by highest place,
Or at the Table to receiue most grace?
If thence I rise no better satisfi'd,
Then he which in the meanest roome doth bide:
So though my head with waight downe burdned be,
Of Miters stor'd with pretious Iewelrie,
What doth it me auiale, if for all this
True ioy and quietnesse of minde I misse?
Let others thinke it a beatitude,
That they are sought vnto, obseru'd and su'd,
That armes of attendants doe them grace,
Treading their steps through euery publike place,
Whilst all the people with astonisht eyes,
Stare to behold their flattered Maiesties:
Yet I suppose them idle vanities,
Yea worse, euen worst of earthly miseries.

I am so foolish mad, that oft I say,
In brothell Rome the Lord is every way
More slauue then is his slauce, man to his man;
And tis most true, deny it who so can.
The bondage wherein Seruing-men doe stand,
Is bare-head to obey each slight command,
To runne or ride with him; which once expir'd,
There nothing else is at his hands required.
This being done, he may goe where he please,
FROLICKE OR GAME, REUELL, OR REST AT EASE.

t In Rome euery base fel-
low hath his Mistris, which
he keepeth *A la posta*, as they
terme it.

t Only his care is, that at euery leasure,
He cannot see his wench, or haue that pleasure.
Else as he list, he may goe sport about,
Either with company, or else without,
On foote or horse-backe (if he money haue),
Be ciuill, or else swagger like a knaue.

In Market, in the Tauerne, in Th' exchange,
 Or in the brothell if he list to range.
 Clothes he may weare of colours light or darke,
 Goe as he please; he is not enuies marke,
 None take exception gainst him, he may goe
 Naked, if naked he himselfe will show,
 Whereas his Lord (because he will haue place,
 To suite his ranke, and give his glories grace)
 Doth leauue the safer seate, and though he gaine
 More honor, yet doth lesser wealth retaine.
 With profit lesse, and yet with greater charge,
 He steares the helme in vaine expences barge.
 Many he feedes, sith many on him tend,
 Though his reuenues are but small to spend:
 For count his first fruits with his bribes and all,
 Many yeares profits doe to ruine fall.
 Adde vnto this, how he in debt doth stand,
 For furnishing his house at second hand:
 His gifts to Courtiers (but in courtesie)
 Chiefly to that great Patron Simonie,
 Who is his chiefest Saint and Aduocate,
 Because he best doth know his purses state.
 But all the sport is, when his Holynesse
 Sends to employ him in some seriousnesse:
 O then, if any of his followers misse,
 He cannot goe, the way forbidden is.
 If that his Coach be not in sight at hand,
 Or if his Morses doe not most ready stand,
 If any thing be orderlesse displac't,
 He rages straight, his honor is disgrac't:
 If one rude wrinkle in his gowne be found,
 Tis to his place more then a deadly wound:
 His seruants must in comly equipage,
 March two and two according to their age:
 When if the basest groome in all his traine,
 His very Scullion but behinde remaine,
 He sweares as though he gaue the world this touch,
 That he's diuine, he nameth God so much.

¶ It is the manner of the Cardinals and Princes of Italic when they goe in pompe through the streets, to haue their followers and Lackeys to goe two and two before them, the worst first, and the better sort after.

The second Satyre

Out doth he cry, he is discredited,
 If by such slaues he be not followed.
 On no Euangelist he now doth looke,
 (Good man) his age cannot endure his booke.
 Onely he doth deuise how he may spend
 Little; and how his liuing he may mead:
 To drawe the bowe too far breakes it in twaine,
 And thrifte sparing is the Lord of gaine.
 I will not say but dillers there may be,
 That haue both offices and lands in fee.
 Who liue at hearts easo far beyond the best,
 Free from disturbance, tumult or vnrest:
 Nor horse, nor beast, nor man he scarcely keepes,
 Whilst with a full purse he securely sleepes:
 But there are few of those; for in these dayes,
 He's blest that liues content with his owne ease.
 Now he that's plum'd with sterne ambitions wings,
 And vp to heauen his cogitations flings,
 He neuer with his owne estate is pleased,
 But shapes new scales by which hee will bee raised;
 From Bishop straight he hath a wishfull hope
 To climbe to be the second next the Pope:
 When he hath that got, will he then be quiet?
 No, for his stomacke must haue choicer dict.
 He now aimes at the seate Pontificall,
 To tread on Kings, on Emperours and all;
 But when he hath obtain'd this blessed chaire,
 Will he be pleased then and free from care?
 Neither: for now his children and his friends
 To places of great honour he commends;
 When he was poore he scarce was knowne to any,
 Now being Pope he is a kinne to many:
 Yet from the Epitots nor from the Greekes,
 To giue them kingomes doth he euer seeke,
 Neither of Affricke nor of Barbary
 Plottech to giue them any soueraignty;
 Nor will he stiuie to pull the Pagans downe,
 And to impale his kinsmen with their crownes;

To

To purchase which all *Europe* is at hand,
Furnisht with men and money at command,
Whilst he but acts what doth to him belong,
Weakning the Turkes, making the Christians strong.

He rather seekes by treachery and by art,

The Noble *Colonesci* to subuert,

Or to extirpe *Vrsinos* princely name,

^x To gaine all *Talliacorzos* worthy fame;

As from the other he got Palestine,

By royall policy surnam'd diuine:

Whilst in the meane time drunk with Christiā bloud,

He sits and triumphs in his ample good;

Some he sees strangled, some their heads doe lose,

And euery thing quite topsie turuy goes.

Nor will he sticke to give all Italy,

A prey to France, to Spaine or Germany;

And making a confusion of each thing,

^y It shall goe hard but one halfe he will wring

Vnto his bastard bloud; nor doth hee care

Tho th'other part fall to the Diuels share.

Then flies abroad excommunications,

Like vollies of great shot, in strangest fashions:

Then roares the bulles worse then the Basan holt,

Whilst Belles and bookees and candles curses boast.

Hence indulgence and pardons haue beene found,

To be of warres the instruments and ground.

^z From hence with gold the bearded Muffe is prest,

Of all his valours power to show the best,

And hence the drunken Dutchman who for pay,

Is hir'd in right or wrong, or any way:

These must haue gold (without which thei'lē not

And all this charge doth on the subiect light. (fight,

Oft haue I heard (and doe beleue the same)

By those which know the truth of euery fame:

That neither Bishop, no nor Cardinall,

Nor yet the Pope, who is the head of all,

, Had euer money to supply their want,

But that the end grew niggardly and scant.

^x The names of the two chief
and most ancient houses of
the Coloneſſi and the Vrſini.

^y Here Ariosto is very plaine
with the Popes & their kind-
red.

^z The gentemen of Italie
for the most part keepe no ta-
ble for their followers as they
doe here in England, but hire
them by the moneths, giuing
them so many crownes every
four weekes as they agree v-
pon; and every morning they
come into their masters hall,
where they haue certaine al-
lowance of bread and wine,
which (God knowes) is but
course and small, euery one
seuerally to himselfe; and that
is al he shall haue for that day.

a Some great estates there are in Italie, as Barons and Bishops, that keepe a table for their followers, but their cheare with their bread and wine, is so bad, as it doth them little good, and the rather because they can never eat their bellies full; for the steward sitting at the table, assoone as euer hee holdeth vp his white staffe, (which is the signe of his office) straight the cloath is taken vp, and they are forst to rise from the board, when oftentimes they haue not half eaten what would satisfie nature: and this is the cause instead of saying grace that they fall a cursing when they leauē the table.

b The Swizzers or Muffes are those people which the ancient Historiographers (as Cesar and others) call Heluetians; they haue their habitations in the most high hill of Iura, named Saint Claude: they are a race of men naturally warlike and rude, & for the sterility of their country more giuen to grazing then to tillage. They are free of themselves, sometimes they were vnder the Duke of Austria, & nowe are subiect vnto noe Prince, but liue of themselves. They are diuided into thirteene comminalties, called Cantons, and will be hired of any Prince, for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong, they never respect the same, so they be well paid, and haue their pay truely.

But let this goe; times nowe are at such passe,
That though one be a foole, a dolt, an Aſſe,
Base of conditions, and (if t may be) worse,
Yet if he haue a well fild heauy purse
He may doe what he list, nor neede he care
What others of his actions shall declare:
Yet those which hoard most, and haue most to giue,
Most commonly most wretchedly doe liue.
Witnesſe the starued houſhold, who with grieſe
Com plaine their ruines, yet find no reliefe.
The more the wealthy witty courtier holds,
The leſſe vnto the worlds eye he vnfolds.
Offoure parts of his liuing, three he will
Be ſure (all charges borne) to coffer fill.
a A mans allowance or of bread or bieſe,
Is halfe a pound of either for reliefe:
And that (Geds knowes) is either tough or crusty,
Or hardly mans meate, being old and muſty.
Now as his bread and flesh is of worſt ſort,
So thinke his drinke deserues as vile report,
Either it is like vinegar moſt tart,
Or Raſor-like it makes the pallat ſmart;
Either in taſt or reliſh tis ſo ſmall,
That it hath loſt both colour, ſtrength and all:
Or to be briefe in ilnes tis beyond
The puddle water or the ſtinking pond.
b Yet had a man ſufficiency of foode,
And at his pleasure drinke to doe him good:
Though they were homely and iudiferent,
His grieſe were leſſe, and time much better ſpent:
But both being bad, and of that bad no ſore,
Needes muſt the heart breake, or elſe couet more,
But thou wilt ſay, a ſeruant that is wiſe,
Will beare with this and ſmoothly temporise,
Because that ſcale which raiſeth vp his Lord,
Doth ſome aduancement to himſelfe affoord:
And as the master mounts the man ſhall riſe,
If with diſcretion he his wrongs diſguife.

But such like fortunes are not generall,
 For they like blazing comets seldom fall.
 Honors change maners, new Lords makes new laws
 And all their seruants to their purpose drawes.
 Old seruants like old garments are cast by,
 When new adorne them with more maistly.
 Seruice is no inheritance we know,
 For he and beggery in one base rancke doe goe.
 ¶ A chamberlaine, a steward, and a cater,
 A secretary, a caruer, and a waiter,
 Thy Lord must haue to beautifie his dayes,
 When thine age can supply not one of these.
 Then maist thou thinke that thou art highly loued,
 If from his seruice thou art not remoued:
 Tis well for thee if thou canst find that grace,
 To live as thou hath done still in one place,
 A liuery once a yeare, and nobles fourre,
 Is a braue price for seruing till foure score:
 And then tis ten to one that beg thou must;
 Therefore vnto thy selfe, not others trust,
 How rightly spake that honest Mulier,
 When comming into Rome from regions far,
 He in the euening heard as he did passe,
 That his owne Lord for Pope elected was.
 Ah(quoth the slau) to speake vopartiall,
 Twas best with me when he was Cardinall:
 My labour then was little or else none,
 Haing but to poore moiles to looke vpon.
 Now shall my toyle be double or else more,
 And yet my wages paid worse then before,
 If any thinke because my Lord is Pope,
 That I on grea aduancements ground my hope,
 Let him but give me one chicken or lesse,
 And all my reasures he shall full possesse.
 No no, the wealthier that th maister proues,
 So much the lesse his oldest slaues he loues.

In Naples where Nobility doth flowe,
 (Though little wealth doth with their greatness goe)

¶ Under these ordinary how-
 shold offices he taxeth the cu-
 riosity of the Italians, who wil
 invent strange and new found
 offices, that the best experien-
 ced are new to seeke how to
 discharge them.

The tale

There

26. *The second Satyre*

There was of good descent a pretty Lad,
 That from his tender yeares still followed had
 A Lordly caualier, who promis'd him
 (As courtiers breathes can smoothly speake & trim)
 That he no sooner should aduanced be,
 To any place of worth or dignitie,
 But that his page should rise as he did mount;
 And for the youth had spent the first account
 Of his liues glories, sith since he presumed
 Upon this hope, full thirtie yeares consumed;
 His Lord now bids him be of merry cheare,
 For nothing that he held should be too deare.
 The honest seruant thinking all was gold
 Shin'd in such words, himselfe content doth hold.
 Now whilst the hungry master and the man,
 Gaze to behold which way preferments ranne;
 It hap't the Naples King (through some request)
 Him of his privy chamber did inuest.
 No sooner was he in his wylt for roome,
 But he forgot his ancient trusty groome;
 And prided with his fate, now entertaines
 New gallants with braue cloathes & better meanes
 His old true page was in obliuion throwne,
 And nought saue noueltie was to him knowne.
 Which he perceiuing, taking time and place,
 Vnto his Lord he breakes his heauy case,
 Humbly intreates him that he would rememb're
 His honest seruice, and some merit render
 To his expence of time, and wasted store,
 As he with earnestnesse had vow'd before.
 To whom the surly *Neapolitan*,
 Taking him sharply vp, thus briefe began:
 Fellow, the world is chang'd from that it was,
 When I was scarce my selfe, then thou might'st passe
 And ranke with my dependants: bnt as now
 Thou canst not doe it, nor may I allow
 Thy basenesse so high place; sith it is fit
 My men be of more meanes, more doome, and wic.

Yea

Yet ne'retthelesse since thou haft seru'd me long,
 And that I will not doe thy labours wrong,
 Countnance, but no reward thou shalt possesse,
 Sith thou art old, and euen servicelesse.
 The honest man being galld thus impiously,
 Returns his Lord (with griefe) this short reply:
 Could I your best imployments serue before,
 When (saue my selfe) you kept no creature more?
 And now that you haue many, may not I
 My place with as great diligence supply?
 Hath all my practise and experience
 Brought me no wit, but tane away my sense?
 Now when my paines expected their aduance,
 Must my reward be nought but countenance?
 Haue I consum'd my liues best floures with you,
 My youth and man-hood, to reap this poore due?
 But youle abandon me I doe perceiue:
 Well, me you shall not, for tis you ile leaue.
 Nor you, nor others, nor no time shall say,
 You me dischargd. Loe I put you away.
 "No greater plague can hang on seruitude,
 "Then to be chained to base ingratitude.
 And here withall away poore soule he went,
 Mourning his seruice, and his time mis-spent.
 By this true storie wit may plainly see,
 What seruants are, and what these Courtiers be.
 "Youth spent in Court, oft brings age to poore state
 "Past seruice, past reward; that's seruants fate.
 I rather would be King of mine owne graue,
 Then vnto greatest greatnessse be a slauie.
 "To liue of others lendings is most base,
 "In Court to dance attendance is disgrace.
 I like not prison musicke, nor such mirth;
 Free was I borne, free will I live on earth.
 "He is truly rich that hath sufficient,
 "And hating enuy liueth with content.
 Yet liberty exceeds the gaine of wealth,
 And therefore I will only serue my selfe,

THE
THIRD SATYRE
OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satyre (as in the other before) he condemneth the service of the Popes Court; grieveth that the promises, made vnto him by Leo (the tenth of that name) were not performed: sheweth the discontentments that arise by gathering together of riches. And lastly enueighth against the covetousnesse and wickednes of the Roman Courtiers.

Written to the Lord Haniball M.



C write,

Ince (a noble Haniball) thou wilst me
How I of Duke Alphonso service like:
Or whether hauing laid old burthens by,
New weights prelie on my back as heuily:
Or if they lighter be. For I doe know,
If you shall heare creations of new woe
Proceed from my complaints, you will conceiue,
That I am barbarous, and to me cleave
Vlcers which will not heale; or like a iade,
That I am dull, (though n'ree so much of made.)
Then to speake freely with infranchis'd mind,

a. This Haniball Mallaguzzo was a noble man of Regio, a City in Lombardy, belonging vnto the Dukedom of Ferrara, & kinsman vnto Ariosto, whose mother was of that house.

b. After the death of Cardinall Hypolito, Alphonzo Duke of Ferrara, allured Ariosto by all the meanes he could, vnto his court, vsing him more like a companion then a seruant, offering him diuers offices of

preferments to allure him to serue in ordinary; which with much ado he was content to do, and which he did rather for his countreys sake, and by reason of the loue he bare vnto the place where he was borne, then for any great gaine he got by following of him, as he himself setteth downe in his Satyre.

Both.

¶ Both of my burthens I like heauy fnde,
And thinke I had bin blest, if vnto neither
I had beene subiect, sith I lose by either.
Say then (since I haue broke my backe with all,
Like a good Asse, that's laden till he fall)
Say that my spirit's heauy, dull, and ill;
Say both in iest and earnest what you will:
Yet when you haue said what you list or can,
I will speake truth, and be an honest man.
But had I playd the partie or slauk,
And brought my father to an early graue,

d In wealthy *Regio*; or but that haue thought,
Which *Jupiter* against great *Saturne* wrought;
Onely that I alone within my hand,
Might hold his wealth, his living, and his land:
Which now'mongst brothers and'mongst sisters be
Diuided into ten parts equally:
I ne're had plaid the foole as did the frog,
That for the Storke did change his kingly clog;
Nor had I wanded to seeke forth my fate,
Or crept for fauour to each great estate;
¶ I had not learnt the Apes duck with my head,
Nor crooked cringing curtisie should me stead.
But since I was not borne heire to my fire,
Nor that his lands fell vnto me entire:

e Since I perceiue that subtil *Mercury*,
Was ne're my friend, but rather enmy:
And that (against my will) I am ne'reth'lesse
Compeld to liue on others bounteoulnesse:
I thinke it better, that I doe retaine
Vnto the Duke, and be of his great traine:
Then to a lower fortune make my moane:
Although my meanes and rising are all one,
Hardly so much, as his who is most poore,
And askes the misers almes from dore to dore,
Few I doe know are of my thoughts or mind;
And fewer of mine humours I doe find.
Most thinke, to be a Courtier is most braue:

c Meaning that he is discontented as much with following the Duke, as he was with belonging vnto the Cardinall his first Lord and master.

d *Regio* is a City (as I said before) subiect vnto Ferrara, it was built by *Marcus Lepidus* one of the Triumuirates of Rome.

e It is the custome of the Italians when they salute any great Personage to ducke downe their heads or crompe them into their shoulders after such a superstitious manner of adoratio, that the Poet tax eth them of infinite hypocrisie.

f Meaning he was but poore considering the great charge he had; for the Astronomers hold opinion, that he which is borne vnder that planet shall be very rich and wealthy.

The third Satyre

I say a Courtier is a glorious slave.
 Let such be Courtiers, as by Courts can rise,
 To me they are bright suns, and blind mine eyes.
 Farre will I liue aloofe from these great fires,
 If strength offortune strengthen my desires.
 "Neuer one saddle on each horse we place,
 "Nor doth one garment every body grace.
 "Beasts are not for on vse in generall,
 "For some we see beare much, some nought at all.
 The cage is to the Nightingale a hell,
 The Thrush and Black-bird both doe loue it well:
 The Robin red-breast rob'd of liberty,
 Growes sad, and dies with inward melancholy.
 Who seekes to be a Cardinall or Knight,
 And that great honours on his house may light,
 Let him go serue the Pope or some great King,
 Whil'st I liue safe, and hunt no such vaine thing.
 I am as well contented with the meate,
 Which(though but grosse) in mine own house I eat:
 And thinke a carrot root doth tast as well,
 Which doth of vinegar or pepper smell:
 As if of fowle or fish, or other bables,
 I had euen glu'd my selfe to great mens tables.
 And I as well can rest my drowsie head
 Vpon a quilke, as on a downy bed:
 And vnder rugs, as much safe quiet hold,
 As vnder Turkey workes, Arras or gold.
 Rather had I at home stay with my rest,
 Sauing my poore skin from scars, and know me blest,
 § Then vaunt that I had scene the India land,
 Or frozen Scythia, or the Æthiop strand.
 So many men, so many mindes we say,
 Each one delighting in his seuerall way,
 Some will religious be, some martiall bent;
 Some trauell, some at home liue with content.
 Yet he that's please'd to be a traueller,
 Let him behold each country farre and neere:
 § Rich France, sweet England, fruitfull Germany,

§ The west Indiaes, which is
 that fourth part of the worlde
 now called *America*, being
 newly found out and discou-
 red by *Cortez* a Spanyard, was
 so much admired by the Itali-
 ans, that they almost esteemed
 him more the a man that had
 scene those countries.

§ The Poet out of his affec-
 tion to these countries, giueth
 them those Epithetons which
 he knew to be most naturall
 and properly belonging vnto
 them.

Proud Spaine, Greece spoild with Turkish tyranny:
As for my selfe, at home Ile liue alone,
And like no country better then mine owne.
Yet haue I seene how Lombardy doth stand,
And all Romania, and the Tuscan land:
Besides that mountaine mighty huge and tall,
Which locks vp Italy as in a wall:
And both those Oceans beating on each side,
I haue beheld, and yet no danger tride.
And this contents me well; for other coast,
Or greater trauels whence mine ease is lost,
§ I can with *Prolomy* behold them all,
In every sort, vntie or severall.
All seas I likewise can behold and see,
Without vow making in extremity,
When heauen threats with speaking thunder claps;
More safely in our moderne painted maps;
Then when I shall a rotten vessell enter,
And my poore life to certaine danger venter.
The Dukes seruice I take it as it is,
Which ift be good, tis better much by this,
In that he seldom from his Court doth part,
And so is friend to study and to art.
Nor doth he seeke to draw me from that place,
Where my lodg'd heart doth liue in its best grace.
But now me thinkes I see you all this while,
How at my words and reasons you doe smile,
Saying, that it is neither countries loue,
Nor study, which incites me not to moue:
But tis my Mistris eye that onely blinds me,
And in these euerlasting loue-knots binds me.
Well, I confess the truth, tis so indeed,
(And then confession better prooefes not need)
Tis most true, I list not to contend,
Or any falsehood with my sword defend;
What ere the reason be, I stirre not out,
Or like a pilgrime walke the world about.
It is sufficient that it doth me please,

S. Prolomy was a king of Ægypt, and the first that ever wrot the most absolutest work either in Astronomy or else in Cosmography.

'I be third Satyre

f. It is was *Leo* the tenth a Florentine borne of the house of Medices, & was of familiar acquaintance with *Ariosto*.

g. *Julian di Medices*, & *Peter* were brethren to Pope *Leo* the 10. who made the foresaid *Julian Duke of Neimours*, and maried him to the Lady *Philibert of Sauoy*, aunt to *Francis* the French King, the first of that name. This man before his brother was Pope, being banished with the rest of their family out of Florence, were entertained with great kindnesse by *Francesco Maria*, Duke of Vrbin, who in their exile did them all the honors that might be; notwithstanding all which curtesies, *Leo* coming to bee Pope, most unkindly draue the aforesaid duke out of his country at the perswasions of *Alphonsina*, mother to his Nephew *Laurence*, on whō he bestowed the dukedom, who did continue in the same vntill *Adrian* the sixt that succeeded *Leo*, expulsed him, and restored *Francesco Maria* the true owner to the estate againe; who enjoyed it vntill he died, being the space of sixteene yeares, in so great reputation, that all the Princes of Italy both loued and honored him; to many of which he was entertained as Generall in their warres: but he was so great a builcer, and so liberall to his Souldiers, that when he died he left no money be hind him.

h. *Bembo* was borne in a Castel in Lombardy, called *Arralano*; he was an excellent Poet and Orator, he was Secretary to Pope *Leo* the tenth, and at last was created Cardinall: he died in Padua, his monument being in Saint *Francisces* Church, in the City where hee lieth buried by *Castilian*; he meaneth Count *Balthasar Castilian* who made that excellent peece of worke called the *Courtier*. i. The *Medicy* hauing gotten the Emperours army, (who then was in Italy) to repose them in Florence, and to call them home to their City againe, diuers of the Citizens were against it, especially *Peter Soderine*, who was then Gonfalconer (which was the chiefe officer of that City) but in the end they were inforced to admit them, and the aforesaid *Peter* glad to leauue his authority, and hardly escaped with life frō out the Palace; at what time, (not long after) what by faute meanes of *Leo* the tenth their kinsman, & afterwards by fauor of *Char's* the fifth, they scised on the whole estate; and after gott to be absolute Princes therof, as at this day they are.

Nor would I others haue themselues disease
About mine actions, since my selfe knowes best,
Why I doe heere with homely quiet rest.

Somē will object, and in their wisedome say,
That is to Rome I had kept on my way,
And aim'd at Church promotion, Is might then
Haue farre exceeded many other men:

So much the rather, as I was approued,

f. To loue the Pope, and was of him beloued:
As hauing of his first acquaintance beene,
Long ere he had his daies of glory seene;
Which came to him for vertue, not through chance;
And therefore reason he shoulde me aduance:
Yea long before the Florentines set ope

Their gates to entertaine him, or that hope

g. Moued worthy *Julian* his eunobled brother,
In *Vrbins* Court his losses to recover.

h. Where with learn'd *Bembo* and *Castilian* sage,
Apollo's haire, flowers of that formall age,
He spent the dayes of his first banishment,
In great delight of thought and hearts content.

And after when this subtil *Medicy*
Ouer their Country v̄f'd his tiranny;

i. When the Gonfalconer forsooke the Court,
Leauing his place, his honours and his port,
Till *Leo* vnto Rome did make repaire,

And

And was installed in Saint Peters chaire.
In all which time to none he shewed such grace
As vnto me, whom he did ever place
Next to himselfe, affirming I, and none
Was else his friend and best companion:
So that in ranke offaour, I alone,
Stood still vnseconded of any one.
Besides, when he as Legat first did passe
To Florence, this his protestation was:
That I as deereley in his fauour stood,
As did his brother, or his best of blood.
These eircumstances well considered,
And euery fauour rightly ordered,
Though some of little value will esteeme them,
Yet others of more better price may deeme them.
And thinke if I would daine to Rome to goe,
And to his Holinesse my fortunes shew:
Doubtlesse I might obtaine for recompence,
Any faire suit of worthy consequence.
And that at my first motion or request,
A Bishopricke were granted at the least.
But they which think such great things so soone got,
With iudgment nor with knowledge reckon not.
And therefore with a pretty history,
I will to such men give a short reply:
Which hath in writing put me to more paine,
Then any man in reading shall attaine.

Long since, there was a scortch Sommer seente,
Wch burnt the parcht earth with his beames so keen,
That it was thought *Phæbus* once more had giuen
His Chariot to his bastard to be driuen.
For euery plant and hearbe was dead and dri'd,
Nor any greennes on the ground was spi'd.
No fountaine, spring nor poole, or low or hie,
But had his veines stopt vp, and now stood dry:
So that through riuers, channels and great lakes,
Men their long iourneies safely dry-shod takes.
In this hot time a weakly swaine did liue,

(Or rather stile of poore I may him giue) Who had great store of cauell and of sheepe,
 But wanted moisture them aliue to keepe; Who hauing long searcht every hopefull ground,
 (Although in vaine) where moisture might be found,
 He now inuokes that God omnipotent;
 (Whose eares on faithfull orizons are bent) And he by inspiration in a dreame,
 Grants ease vnto his grieves that were extreme: Telling him that not farre from that dry land,
 Within a certayne valley neare at hand, He should such store of wholesome water find,
 As should giue ease and comfort to his minde.
 The swaine at this, takes children and his wife, And all his wealth (the second to his life)
 Leaues neither slauē, nor household stufte behind,
 But hafts the blessed vallies helpe to find; Where he no sooner came, but in the ground
 He caus'd to dig, and water did abound:
 But now he wants wherewith to take it vp,
 And therefore is inforc't to vse a cup,
 A little cup, whose little quantity,
 Hardly did serue one draught sufficiently.
 Which as he held, he said, now my hot thirst
 Ile coole, sith it is reason I be first.
 The next draught doth vnto my wife belong,
 Next to my children (if I doe not wrong:) When they haue done, my seruants shall begin,
 Each as his merit and desert doth winne.
 And as they haue bestird themselues with paine,
 To make this Wel, from whence this good we gaine;
 This said, he then vpon his cartell thought,
 The best whereof, he meaneſt shall take first draught:
 And those which leaneſt were ſhould be the laſt,
 (He thus his damage and his profit caſt.)
 When euery thing was ordred in his fashion,
 He taſtis the water first, and cooles his paſſion;
 Next him his wife; his children followed than,

(As he had made the law) man after man.
Now every one fearing the waters losse,
Began to presse about him , and to crosse,
His fellowes merit where most worth was cast;
All would be first,none willingly the last.
When this a little Parrot had suruaid,
With whom this wealthy shepheard often plaid,
And had in times past made it all his ioy:
Taking delight onely with it to toy:
And when it well had vnderstood their strife,
It clamord forth,Ah woe is my poore life.
I not his sonne, nor of his seruants am,
Nor for to dig this well I hither came:
Nor can I other profit to him bring,
Then foolish mirth, and idle wantonning.
And therefore must be quite forgot of all,
And made the last on whom last lot must fall.
My thirst is great as their, my death as nice,
Unlesse I can to better safetie flie:
Therefore I must elsewhere seeke my releefe,
And so away he flies with all his griefe.

My Lord I doe beseech you, with this story,
Packe from your eares , those fooles that from vaine
Thinke that his Holines will me raise before,(glory,
k The Neri, Vanni, Lotti, and some more.
His bastards, Nephewes, kinne and other such,
Shall quench their thirsts ere I the water touch.
Nay there shall step betwixt me and my hope,
All those whose helping hands did make him Pope.
When these haue drunk their steps forth to be serued,
Whole bandes of martialists half piude and sterued,
That gaist stout Sodervy did weapons beare,
Making his passage into Florence cleere.

l One boasts that he in Cassentino was
With Peter, when he scarce from thence could passe,
m With his lifes safetie; whil'st Brandino cries,
I lent the money which his honours buyes.
An other doth approue, t'was onely he

k These are noble families in Florēce , which were great friends to the Medices.

l The countrey of Cassentino, amidst which runneth the riuier Arno ; it is a territorio narrow, barren, and ful of hills seated at the foote of the Apennine mountaines, of which Bibiena is the chiefe towne : this the Medice went about to surprise when they were Banditi and banished from their Countrey , but being repulst by the Florentines armie , which then kept them out, they escaped from thence not without great danger of losing their lues. The chiefe Captain of this company was this Peter, brother to Pope Leo who afterward was most un-fortunately d owned, as he was going towards Caieta, not farre from Naples. Hee was elder brother to Pope Leo & Julian di Medices, which three were sonnes to that famous Laurence di Medices, of whom Guychard ne in the beginning of his history maketh most honourable mention of, Cosimo the great being their great grandfather, who was a Citizen of singular wisedome, and of infinite wealth.

m Brandino is the surname of a rich familie in Florence, whose chiefe wealth consisteth in money , and who lent great store of coine vnto the Medices when they were in want.

Maintain'd his brother with a yearly fee:
 And at his proper charges did prouide,
 Both horse and armour, and what else beside.
 Now if whilst these drinke I stand gazing by,
 Either of force the well must be drawne dry:
 Or else my thirst my bodies health must slay,
 Sith still such violence brookes no delay.
 Well,tis much better to liue as I do,
 Then to approue if this be true or no:
 Or whether fortunes fooles which waite vpon her,
 Doe drinke of Lethe when they rise to honour.
 Which though it be most true that few doo climbe,
 But they forget the daies of former time,
 Yet can I hardly say his Holinesse,
 Hath drunke much water of forgetfulnessse.
 No,I may well protest the contrary,
 Since I did find that in his memory
 I held my place, and when his foote I kist,
 He with a smiling countenance prest my wrist,
 Bow'd downe his fore-head from his holy chaire,
 And gaue me wordes of grace, and speeches faire,
 He gently stroakt my cheeke and did me blisse,
 And on them both bestow'd a sacred kisse.

*Ariosto sheweth himselfe
 to be of a good nature, which
 tooke so thankfully so small a
 reward , considering how
 much he had deserued at the
 Medices handes.*

Besides he did bestow that Bull on me,
 Which *Bibiena* after seriously
 Dispacht, and got, although I yet did pay
 Some bribes before I was dismissit away:
 But being done, and I ioy'd therewithall,
 (All wet through raine & stormes wh then did fall.)
 Vnto Montano fast I rode that night,
 Where I repos'd with merry heart and light.
 Thus curteous words and speeches I had many,
 But other fauours I possesse not any.
 But say twere true the Pope should keep his word ,
 And to me all his promises affoord,
 That I might reape the fruits which I did sow,
 Both now and elsewhere many yeares agoe:
 Imagine with more Miters and red hats.

He would adorne me, and with greater states,
 Then euer at the Popes great solemne masse,
 Hath or beene seene or euer giuen was,
 Nay, say he fild vp all my bags with gold,
 And crAMD my chefts as full as they could hold:
 Shall yet th' ambition of my greedy mind,
 Enough contentments for her humours finde?
 Or shall this quench my thirsts consuming fire?
 Or will my thoughts take truce with her desire?
 No; I from Barb'rie to Catay will goe,
 From Dacia, where seuen-headed Nile doth flow:
 Not Rome alone must hold my soueraignty,
 So of my affections I might master be;
 And so I might haue power and both be able,
 To tame my thoughts, and hopes vnsatiable.
 But when I shall a ⁵ Cardinall be instald,
 Or what is more, seruant of seruants cald,
 Nay when I shall aboue the Pope be spi'd,
 And yet my minde rest still vnsat isfrd:
 To what end then should I so much disease me,
 Or toile my selfe for that which will not please me?
 Tis better priuatly to liue, then thus
 To vexe and grieue for titles friuolous.
 I speake not this, as though my selfe were he,
 Whose nature could with no content agree:
 But to this end, that fith all greatness euer,
 Doth in this endlesse Auarice perseuer,
 (Who though they all posseſſe, yet more doe craue,
 As if they would employ them in the graue.)
 I thinke its better liue a priuate life,
 Then wealth to hold with unabated strife.

Then when this world in her infancy,
 And men knew neither sin nor treachery;
 When cheators did not vſe to liue by wit,
 Nor flattery could each great mans humour fit,
 A certaine nation (which I knew not well)
 Did at the foot of an high mountaine dwell)
 Whose top the heauens counſailes seem'd to know,

S The Cardinals in the daies of Leo the tenth were so extremely ambitious that diuers Pasquils were set vp against them, and some against the Popes themſelues, as namely that of *sol, re, me, fa, solus rex me facit*, alluding that the old King of Spaine at his infinite intercession had onely made him Pope.

ATale.

(As it appear'd to them that liu'd below) These men obseruing how the moone did rise, And keep her monthly progress through the skies: And yet how with her horned forehead she Altered her shape, her face and quantity, They straight imagin'd if they were so hie, As the hills top, they easly might espy, And come where she did dwell to see most plaine, How she grew in the full, how in the waine.

Resolu'd thercon, they mount the hill right soone, With baskets and with sackes to catch the moone, Striuing who first vnto the top shold rise, And make himselfe the master of the prize.

But mounted vp, and seeing that they were As far off as before, and nere the neare, Weary and feeble on the ground they fall, Wishing(though wishes are no helpe at all)

That they had in the humble valley staid, And not like fooles themselves so much dismayd.

The rest of them which did remaine below, Thinking the others which so high did shew, Had toucht the Moone, came running after then By troopes and strockes, by twenties and by ten: But when the senselesse misconceit they found,

Like to the rest they weary fell to ground.

This lofty mountaine is the Wheele of fate, Upon whose top sits roializ'd in state, (As ignorance and folly doth suppose) All quietnesse, all peace, and sweet repose. But they (alasse) doe all mistake the ground, For there nor joy is, nor contentment found. Now if with riches or with honours went (Like louing twins) the minds desir'd content, Then had I reason to command that wit, Which were employd and spent to purchase it. But when I see both Popes and mighty Kings, (Who for they soueraignes are of earthly things, As gods within this world esteemed are)

That.

That they of grieses and troubles haue their share,
I needes must say, content they do not hold,
As long as they haue sorrowes manifold.
Should I in wealth the mighty Turke outgoe,
Or boast more glories then the Pope doth know,
And yet still couet higher to aspire,
I am but poore, through that my more desire.
Well, tis most reason and our best wir,
To liue of things are competent and fit,
Whereby we may not pine away with want,
Nor of our needfull needments to be scant.
For euery one all strength of reasons haue,
To nourish life, and not lie as a slau:
But if a man be so sufficient rich,
That he too little hath not, nor too much,
That hath enough his nature to content,
And in desire is not o're vehement :
He that can ease his hunger at his pleasure,
And giue each appetite his equall measure:
He that hath fire to warme him when hee's cold,
A house to shelter him when he is old :
That when he shoulde ride forth is not compeld,
To lacky spaniel-like through euery field,
But to command a horse is alwaies able,
And keepes a man to waite vpon his table :
Besides a cleanly houf wife that will keepe
His house in comely order neate and sweet:
If this I haue, what neede I more request?
For hauing thus much I haue all the rest.
Enough is never then abundance lesse,
He that all couets nothing doth possesse.
Besides this duety, reason doth demand,
That on strict termes of honor we doe stand,
Yet in such sort that we be never found,
T' exceede the golden meane in any bound:
For nothing is on earth dangerous,
Then to be noted.

This is true honor.

Thou

Thou art an honest man, and so dost die :
 Which if thou beest not, it will soone be knowne ;
 And as thy faults are so thy fame is blowne,
 Hypocrisie is wouen of fine thrid,
 Yet few in these daies can in neth be hid.
 Because each one right Reverend doth thee call,
 Or Earle or Baron, Knight or Generall,
 I would not haue thee thinke they honor thee,
 Vnlesse more in thy selfe then titles bee.
 But when I see thy merits worth doth moue
 From vertue, then thou shalt enjoy my loue.
 What glory is't to thee when I behold,
 How thou apparel'd art in silkes and gold ?
 Or that the wondring people with amaze,
 As vp and downe thou walk'st vpon thee gaze ?
 If afterward, assoone as thou art gone ,
 And thy backe turn'd, they sing this hatefull song :
 See there the man who for a bribe in gold,
 Thesgates of Rome vnto the French-men sold,
 Which gates to keepe, he had of speciall trust,
 Yet sold the same, an art base and vniust.
 Fie,fie, how many Knight-hoods here are bought,
 How many Bishoprickes desertesse caught ?
 Which after being knowne abroad become
 The foule disgrace and scandall vnto Rome.
 To be an honest man in word and deed,
 Though on my backe I weare a course plaine weed,
 As much doth please me, as if I did goe,
 Royally clad in roabes which kingly shoe;
 Let him that will or gold or velvet buy,
 For I will not with spots of infamy.
 o But now me thinkes base *Bomba* doth reply,
 And vnto mine assertions giues the lie :
 Saying, let me haue riches, I not care,
 Or how they come, or how they purchas't are :
 Come they by villany, or by drabs or dice,
 Riches are euer of most worthy price.
 Vertue is riches bastard, nor doe I

§ By this he taxeth those reuolting Italians, who tooke part with the Duke of Bourbon, when he sackt the city of Rome.

o Under this name he taxeth some notorious & wicked man that grew rich through villanie.

Respect, against me what the vulgar cry.

" All men of no man speaketh reverently,

" And some haue rail'd against the Deity.

Husht *Bomba*, husht, doe not flic all so fast,

But flag thy wanton Peacockes traine at last,

I tell thee none blasphemeth the Deity,

But such as are more damn'd in villany

Then those who naild their maker to the Crosse,

Whose woes eternally doe mourne their losse :

Meane space the good and honest sort one word,

Will not of goodnes to thy fame affoord.

They say false cardes, false dice, and falser queanes,

Purchast thy living's and thy large demeanes.

And thou administrest to every tongue,

Matter to talke of, as thou walk' st along :

VVearing and tearing out more cloth of gold,

§ More silkes and *Tissu* from Arabia sold,

Then all the worthy gallants Rome doth breed :

So much thy pride and ryot doth exceed.

Those thefts and cousenages thou shouldest conceale,

Vnto the world and me thou dost reveale,

Making eu'en fooles and silly Infants know ,

That cottages where hardly thatch did grow,

Thou in these few yeares Pallaces hast made,

By thy smooth cheating and thy cousening trade :

The world doth see thy banquets and thy feast,

VWherein thou surfeſt like an'o're-fed beast.

Yet thou conceiuſt that thou a gallant art,

And all that smile on thee doe take thy part.

Foole, those same smiles are like the serpents hisſe,

Ahd they would kill thee faine which doe thee kiffe.

p *Borne* (so no man tell him to his face,

How vile he is) belieues it no disgrace :

Although behinde his backe he heare men cry,

He hath nor faith, nor loue, nor piety :

§ And how that worse then bloudy-handed *Caine*,

He his brother tyrant-like hath slaine :

Although an exiles life he hath endured,

§ The best Silks and Tyssues
were in times past brought
from Arabia, but now many
other countries haue as good:

p This is also a shadowed
name, whereby hee biteth at
some others of as bad faults
as may be.

§ Here he biteth bitterly his
olde Lord and Master, the
Cardinall *Hypolito*, for pulling
out the eyes of his owne bro-
ther *Julio*.

Yet .

Yet all agree'd all euils now are cured ;
 And he the whole inheritance hath got,
 Without vexation of a Partners lot.
 Therefore let all men say what all men can,
 Hee'l walke the streetes (sith rich) an honest man.
 Another that's as vile as is the best,
 Tires out his dayes with labour and vnrest :
 Till he haue got a Miter in such fashion,
 As shames himselfe, his kinne, and all his nation :
 When he no worthier is to beare the load,
 Then a base ass is of a purple robe.
 But knew the world how to this height he came,
 The very stinke would poysone them with shanie.
 O times corrupt, O manners worse then nought,
 Where nothing but what's vile is sold and bought !
 Too true it is which all the world hath told,
 All things at Rome, euen heauen for coine is sold.

A Tale.

William surnamed Rufus, when in hand,
 He swaid the English Scepter at command,
 It chan't a wealthy Abby voide did fall,
 Whose great demeanes being rich in generall,
 Many came to the King the same to buy,
 (For he did money loue exceedingly.) (him,
 Now when Church-chapmen all were com'd vnto
 And with their vtmost summes did amply woo him,
 He spide a Monke stood halfe behinde the dore,
 Whom straight he cald, and bade him come before :
 Imagining he came as did the rest,
 With full filde bagges, to make his offer best :
 And therefore thus the King most graciously
 Speakes to the Monke; Tell me man willingly,
 What thou wilt giue ; great the reuennues are,
 And thou free leaue to offer for thy share.
 My gracious Lord (the old man did reply)
 I came not hither this rich place to buy :
 For I am poore : or had I wealth at will,
 I would not load my conscience with such ill :
 As to ingrosse Church-liuings aboue other,

Making me rich by robbing of my brother,
 Besides, I were an Asse to undertake,
 To lay too great a burthen on my backe:
 Which to support, I know I am vnfit,
 Both for my learning, industry and wit.
 Onely I hither came in humble wise,
 To beg of him which to this place should rise,
 That I this petty sauour might but haue,
 To be his Priest, his Beadse-man or his slave.
 The King who heard this olde man gratiously,
 And finding in him true humilitie,
 Whence his rare vertues sprang so curiously,
 That they excedd his ranke in dignity:
 Freely and franckly without recompence,
 Gaued him this Abbey and dispatcht him thence,
 Saying he it deseru'd most worthily,
 Sith he so well could brooke his pouerty.
 Neither such gift nor King I ere shall know,
 Yet such a minde and thoughts within me grow.
 I haue a minde which harbours calme content,
 Voide of all lucre, and from malice bent.
 And would I fish for liuings, there's no doubt,
 But I should easily bring my wish about.
 "But home is homely, I am best at ease,
 "When I haue none but mine owne selfe to please.
 "Riches are still the children of much care,
 "Who couets nothing, onely rich men are.
 "Great is the labour which doth purchase gaine,
 "Greater the sorrow which doth it maintaine.
 But once to lose it, eu'en death doth bring:
 I le no such Bees which haue so sharpe a sting.
 Sufficient for my selfe is my small store,
 And greatest Monarchs doe enjoy no more.

Ariosto was somewhat variable in his desires, and a little humorous withall; and therefore would hardly bee bound or tyed to any thing longer then himselfe listed.



THE
FOVRTH SATYRE
OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth that it is good and necessary to marry, and yet by the way glaucest merrily at that state of life, shewing how hard a matter it is for a man to keep his wife honest and chaste.

Written to the Lord Hanibal Malaguzzo.

Ariost being not given to marry, his kinsman the Lord Hanibal was loth to make him privy to his wedding, which hee takeh very unkindely in this Satyre.



Hear aby strangers, friends, the world & al,
Except thy selfe, thrise noble Hanibal)
That thou art now about to take a wife,
Knitting these worlds cares to a better
I not millike what so your fancie stands; (life.
Onely I take unkindely at your hands,
That vnto me you would not tell your minde,
Since in my counsailes you might comfort finde.
Perhaps thou hast conceald it from this feare,
Lest I shoulde haue t oppote what thou hold'st deare;
Thinking because my selfe vnmarried am,
Therefore I marriage will in others blame.
If so thou censur'st me, thou dost me wrong:
For though I never knew what did belong,
To wedlocke: yet I never haue withstood,
Those which chuse marriage as their chiefest good.

Off

b Oft haue I grieu'd, and yet I sadly mourne,
 That then to marry, I haue chose to burne.
 My selfe excusing that I still was crost,
 By hand of Fate, and so my fortunes lost:
 For though vnto it I was fully bent,
 Occasion still my meaning did preuent.
 But this hath ever mine opinion beene,
 Nor euer shall there change in me be seene:
 That man cannot in perfect goodnesse stand,
 Vnlesse he liue within the marriage band:
 Nor without women can liue free from sinne.
 For he which thrusts such guests out of his Inne,
 Is either forc't to borrow of another,
 Or thiefe-like without conscience robs his brother.
 c Besides, who vnto stranger sheetes doth cleave,
 Turnes Cormorant, and temperance doth leave.
 For if to day he feed on Larke or Quaile,
 Next morne, heele haue the Pheasant or the Raile:
 And which is worse, he loseth sense of loue,
 And that sweet touch which charity should moue.
 d Hence comes it, Priests of all men are the worst,
 Biting like dogs, with madnesse made accurst.
 The whilst no common Palliard, Baud or Slaue,
 Carries more viler surfets to his graue.
 Borrow of all they doe, but none they pay,
 Base are their deedes, how well so ere they say.
 Againe, in publique cartage and in shew,
 They are so voyde of iudgement, and doe goe
 So farre fren vertue, that I wonder much,
 Women will daine but to be toucht by such.
 You know tis true, who doe in Regio dwell;
 But that all truths, for feare you dare not tell:
 Bug-beare confession whispring in your eare,
 It is damnation to tell all you heare.
 Well, though you nothing say, yet from your eyes,
 I reade the depth of all your mysteries,
 e Of stubborne Modena I speake nought at all,
 Who though this great plague did ypon it fall,

b He excuseth himselfe in
 that he liued a Batchelour so
 long, which , he saith , was his
 hard fortune, & not his fault:
 although there is no doubt,
 but if he had listid, he might
 haue matched very well, and
 euery way to his content-
 ment.

c He could give good coun-
 sell himselfe, but could not
 follow it, as Medea saith in O-
 uid.

—Video meliora proboque, de-
 teriora sequor —

d Hee enueigheth against
 some Priests, who liued too
 incontinently.

e Modena is a Citie in
 Lumbardy, subiect vnto the
 Dukedom of Ferara (now
 the Popes) where the Church
 men bare themselves ouer lic-
 centiously and more vnciuil-
 ly then becommenid them. In
 this towne Sadoletus and Mol-
 za, two learned Italians of
 their time were borne.

46 The fourth Satyre

f A famous Phyghton off Ferrara, who maried nottil he was all eighty yeares old, & then (doatine) tooke a matuellous faire maid vnto his wife, and presently after died.

S Hymeneus by the Peers was fained to be the God of Marriage, and therefore was painted young, to show the vigour and streng which belongeth to the acte of generation, and with yellow robes, to shew the cares, feares and ielousies in marriage.

Yet it deserueth to be punisht worse,
May on her and her Priests light heauens curse.
But now to you. Elect betimes your mate,
Better too soone to marrie then too late,
And since perforce thou needes this life wylt trie,
Aduenture on it most couragiouly.
f Doe not as did Doctor Bon Leo old,
Who tooke a wife when all his bloud was cold:
When age had made him for a graue more fit,
Then or for wife or youthfull appetit.
Defrete not thou till age come creeping on,
Lest strength consum'd, thy body suffer wrong.
“ Old ages Herbingers are snow-white haires,
“ Warme drinks & cloaths are good for many years:
A cup of wine in withred Hermons head,
Is better then a faire maid in his bed:
Age with such liquors often is well eas'd;
Venus with gouts and palsies is not plea'd..
S Faire Hymenæus is not painted old,
But youthfull, fresh, with saffron haire like gold:
The old man feeling but some sparkes of fire,
Whichi with much labour doth but warme desire,
Begins to rouse his ycie spirits vp,
As if he had carouſt on Æſons cup:
Much he imaginis he can do, when loe,
Strength doth forsake him, ere his strength he knowe:
And he poore soule eu'en in his height of pride,
Is conquer'd ere th'encounter he haue triide.
Yet so he must not thinke his wife will yeeld,
Her better spirit betteroyes the field.
“ Fire with water, never will agree,
“ Nor nature will not lose her soueraignty.
But say it were not so; yet in these dayes,
The world being rather giuen to dispraise,
Then to speake well of any, who are they,
Will marry Winter vnto youthfull May?
But they will wish Saint Lukes badge on his head,
And that in horne-bookeſ he be deeply-read.

And

And thus although they merit not this blame,
 Yet can they not escape all poisoning fame,
 Who for the most part doth of falsehoods prate,
 But be it false or true, 'tis then too late
 To call it home againe; if once the vent,
 About the bussing busie world be sent:
 And who his honour or good name doth loue,
 Must patient be, for he this crosse must proue.
 Yet this bad passion nothing is at all,
 But that which we damn'd iealousie doe call:
 Although 'tis ill enough when we behold,
 An infant whom the cradle doth infold:
 And two or three crope newly from the shell,
 Who in their clamors do their grieuance tell.
 Adde vnto these a pretty girle or twaine,
 Whom thou in vertues manners feck'lt to traine:
 Yet hast not any whom thy soule can trust,
 Will honest be to them, or to thee iust.
 But rather will allure them by all meanes,
 To vicious husing, and to shamelesse straines.
 Chuse wisely then, since thou dost know this curse,
 And like our Gentlemen be not found worse,
 Many of which buried in cloisters low,
 Lie hid, whi'lt grasse doth o're their graue stones.
 On marriage their mindes did never set,
 Because they meant not children to beget,
 And so be forc't that little to disfauour,
 Which scarce would serue, when t'was vnite toge-
 That which in strength of youth they did refuse,
 Now growne in yeares most shamefully they chuse,
 Shewing themselues to be so base of minde,
 That even in Borish villages they findy
 And in the Kitchens greasie scullerie,
 With whom to sport themselues lasciuiously.
 Boyes are begot, which as in yeares they grow,
 Such abiect vile behaviours from them flow,
 That they are forc't to marry them perforce,
 Vnto Clownes daughters, or to creatures worse.

He findeth fault with divers Gentlemen of Ferara that were yonger brothers, who because their wealth was little, wold not marry when they were yong, and yet comming to be olde, they made their choice worse, when getting their owne maides and drudges with child, they were after glad to marry them, because the children which they had got by them shold not be counted bastards.

48 *The fourth Satyre*

Euen to crack't Chambermaides broke vp of late,
Because they would not haue their sonnes in state
Of bastardy:and here hence doth proceed,
That noblest houses in Ferara bleed,
With wounds of tainted honour , and with shame,
As all eyes do behold which view the same.

This is the cause the worthies of this towne ,
Are sedome scene to flourish in renowne
Of vertue,or of valour,or of artes ;
And hence it is their ancestors best parts,
I meane those of the worthy mothers side,
Are of their generous qualities so wide.

My Lord,to marry you doe passing well,
And yet attend these precepts I shall tell.
First thinke thereof,lest when you would retire,
You cannot, being slau'd vnto desire :

^h In this important matter,most,most great,
Although my counsaile you doe not intreat:
Yet I will shew you how a wife to chuse,
And which mongt women wise men should refuse .
But you perhaps will wondring smile at me,
And place it with impossibility,
That I this waighty charge should vndertake ,
Yet neuer knew what meant the married state.
I pray you tell me ; hath not your Lordship scene,
When as two gamsters haue at Tables beene:
The third man,which (as looker on)stood by,
More to haue scene in play then they could spy ?
If you do finde I shoot neere to the white ,
Follow my rules, and hold my iudgement right :
But if you see I roue farre off and wide ,
Then both my counsailes and my selfe deride :
And yet before I further do proceede ,
Tis meete that first this caution I do reed.
If you to take a wife haue strong pretence ,
Yet build your ground on nought but lustfull sense ,
'Twere madnesse to perswade you from her loue ,
Though reasons against her honour I could proue.

In This Poet giueth his friend better counsaile then he himselfe could follow : for although hee would neuer marry,yet is he noted to haue kept at his owne proper charges one *Alexandria*, a proper woman a long time, although his friends say that hee was married vnto her priuily, and durst not be knowne of it, for feare of loosing some small spirituall living which hee had, and which were not lawfull for any married man to enioy.

If she doe please you, then she vertuous is,
 Nor any gift of goodnesse can she misse:
 No Rhethoricke, reason, nor no strength of wit,
 Can make thee loath when lust rules appetit:
 So much thou art besotted on her faee,
 That reason must to pleasure yeelde her place.
 If for a wilfull blinde man am no guide,
 But if in lists of wisedome thou wilt bide,
 Then scholler-like examine what I say,
 And I shall merite thankes another day.

Who so thou art that meanest a wife to take,
 (If of thine honour thou account doft make)
 Learne what her mother is, that step begin,
 And how her sisters liue, how free from sinne:
 If we in horses, kine and such like creatures,
 Desire to know their lineall race and natures,
 What ought we then to doe in these, who are
 Then other cattell, more deceitfull farre?
 A Hare you neuer saw bring forth a Hart,
 Nor do from Doues nests Eglets ever part.
 Euen so a mother that is infamous,
 Hardly can beare a daughter vertuous.
 From trotting races, ambliers seldom breed,
 From selfe-like natures, selfe-like things proceede.
 Besides the branch is like unto the tree,
 And children keepe what first they learned be,
 " Ill education spoileth manners good,
 " Corrupts best natures, and infects the blood.
 " Home-bred examples and domesticke ills,
 Grafts errors in cleane bretts, & good thoughts kills.
 If she perceives her mother to possesse,
 Many faire seruants, she will haue no lesse:
 Nay she will more haue, or her better skill
 Shall leue to be the agent of her will.
 And this she doth to shew in courtisesse,
 That (then her mother) she is nothing lesse,
 And that heauen did with equall bountie place,
 Within them both one beautie and one grace.

Here Ariosto is a little malicious against the Court, for many Gentlewomen, yea and those sort are as well brought vp, and as vertuously giuen, liuing in the Court as if they had all thē daies of their youth beeene trained and mewed vp in their fathers owne houses, musique and a sweete voyce, being two as commendable qualities as can adorne any Lady, onely the liberty of Courts to disased mindes, is the ground to these inuentions.

To know her nurse, and how her life she leades,
What her commerçements are, and how she trades:
Whether her father brought her vp or no,
If she can play the cooke, weauc, work or sowe;
Or if in idle courts she haue remainde,
And there in song and musique hath beeene trainde.
To iudge the better of her vertues, this
And all the rest to know, most needfull is.
Seeke not a wife, whose stile and noblenesse
Shall fill thy veines with much vaingloriousnesse:
Such oft their husbands vnto wrath prouoke,
Whil'st they to him are nothing else but smoke.
Tis good to match with one that's nobly borne,
So she her husbands birth hold not in scorne.
Such one take thou, great Lord, as fit shall bee,
Both for thy liuing and thy pedigree:
For hardly thou thy better shalt content,
Vnlesse on her dependance much be spent.
A brace of Pages, seruynge Gentlemen,
And for her state a flocke of Gentlewomen;
To keepe their Lady from all faults offence,
Without the which there is no patience.
Nor so content, a Dwarfe she needes must haue,
A Foole, a Pander and a iesting knaue,
With Dogs and Munkies, Parots and such toyes,
Whose idle seruice, idle time destroies:
With other company for cardes and dice,
Whose wits can sort with Courtiers that are nice:
Nor when she takes the ayre, will she forth tread,
Without her rich Caroch well furnished.
But this last charge is nothing to that cost,
Must on more priuate toyes be vainly lost:
Now if thou no such prodigall fond part,
(Who for of birth and liuing chiefe thou art
Within thy native home) shalt proue, then know,
The poorer sort such glories dare not shew:
If hackneymen do round about the towne,
Run for to let their Coach-horse vp and downe,
What

What then will he do? who at his command
 Hath of his owne, which euer ready stand?
 If others two horse keepe, the rich will still
 Haue foure at least, yet thinke the draught but ill.
 With such an one thou shalt possesse more care,
^k Then mine *Orlando* in his madnesse bare.
^l If she should braule with thee maliciously,
 Gouerne with patience her extremity.
^m And as *Vlysses* gainst the Syrens song,
 Made himselfe deafe to shelter him from wrong;
 So her expostulatings do not heare,
 But 'gainst such clamorous noyse glew vp thine eare.
ⁿ When she speaks most, do thou least speech afford;
^o For silence cuts a shrow worse then a sword.
^p A froward wife for very spite will crie,
^q When thy neglect doth scorne her tyrannie.
 Haue speciall care that with no foule-mouth'd
 Thou mak'st into her fury any breach; (speak,
 For then thou all confound'st, and one small showre
 Will on thy head a world of new stormes powre;
 Which with such bitternesse she will declare,
 That stings of wasps not halfe so noisome are:
 Let her as neare as arte or wit can finde,
 Agree with euery humour in thy minde,
 That ancient customes in thy house remaine:
 And that no danger lurke within her traine,
 In being greater then thou can'st upport,
 For things do fall to ruine in that sort.
 I doe not like that beauty whose rare merit
 Will praise beyond all excellence inherit;
 Nor such a one whose Court audacitie,
 Beares her beyond all comely modesty.
 T'wixt faire and foule there is a golden meane,
 Vnto which path I faine would haue you leane.
 A louing maide, not louely striue to chuse;
 The faces beauty for the mindes refuse.
 Please thy best iudgement; 'tis no matter then,
 Though she seeme foule or blacke to other men.

^l Meaning, that an ill wife
 will make a man mad, as *Orlando* became through the
 unkindnes of *Angelica*.

^l Here the Poet setteth down
 many excellent rules how a
 man should chuse a wife, and
 hauing chosen one, how he
 should behauie himselfe to-
 wards her.

^o It is reported by Homer
 that *Vlysses* returning from the
 destruction of Troy, being at
 the Sea, inuironed with many
 Syrens or Mermaides, caused
 himselfe and all his souldiers
 to be bound to the mafts of
 the ships, and to stoppe their
 eares, least the enchantment
 of their musick should draw
 them to destruction.

Italian hath a praire of m Her to possesse whose beauty doth exceede,
 a wife. (moglie.
Chi ha bianco, cauello, et bella
Non viue mas senza doglie. (faire,
 Whose horse is white, & wife is
 His head is neuer void of
 (care.

He alludeth to the common
 saying in Italy.
In Fa peccata nisieme colpe tenza
Chi piglia bruta moglie a credenza. (his wife,
 Wo takes a woman foule vnto
 Doth penance euer, yet sins
 (all his life.

o Theres no ill quality so
 vile in a woman, as to be a
 foole; for I haue oft heard a
 wise man say, hee had rather
 haue a wily wanton, a witty
 shrow, or a foule slut to his
 wife, then one that was sor-
 tish or foolish; affirming that
 the first if she did a fault, wold
 with discretion hide it. The
 second with her wit would
 now and then delight him.
 The third because of her de-
 formity, studie and endeuour
 alwaies to please him; but the
 last, which was the fool, would
 shame both her selfe, her hus-
 band and her friends.

m Her to possesse whose beauty doth exceede,
 Doth to all curious eies much sorrow breede:
 For she eu'en frozen hearts doth set on fire,
 Making men languish in vnchaste desire.
 A world will venture her faire fort to spoile,
 Wherein albe she giue some few the foile:
 Yet at the last comes one with bribes and praies,
 Who so in peeces all her forces teares,
 That at the last hauing no more delay,
 She yeeldes, and he her honour beares away.
 A wife that's more then faire is like a stale,
 Or chanting whistle which brings birds to thrall.
 n Yet on no sluttish foulenes fixe thy minde,
 For so perpetuall penance thou shalt finde.
 Beauties which are indifferent most me moue,
 Faire which is still most faire I doe not loue.
 Pure of complexion let her be and good,
 And in her cheeke faire circled crimson blood.
 Hie colours argue choler and distaste,
 And such hote bloods are seldome made to waste.
 Let her be milde and witty, but not curst,
 Nor foolish, for of all breedes that's the worst.
 None so deformed are, or vgly foule,
 As fooles, which more are gaz'd at then the Owle:
 For if she any fault abroad commit,
 Her long-tong'd gossip straight must know of it:
 Nothing so priuate can be done or said, (uaid.
 Which through the whole world shall not be con-
 Thus she her husband and her selfe doth bring,
 To be a scorne to every abiect thing:
 VVhereas the witty wench so carefull is,
 There's none shall know albe she doe amisse,
 Like to the Cat who buries vnder ground
 Her ordure, lest by men it should be found.
 Let her be pleasing, full of curtesie,
 Lowly of minde, prides deadly enemie:
 Pleasant of speech, seldome sad or neuer,
 And let her countenance chearefull be for euer,

A viniger tart looke or clowdy brow,
 Furrow'd with wrinckles I doe not allow,
 And so to pout or lowre through sullennesse,
 Is a strong signe of dogged peeuiishnesse.
 Let her be bashfull and of modest grace,
 Heare, but not answeare for thee when in place
 Thou art; for 'tis extreamest obloquie,
 When she doth prate and thou must silent be.
 No idle hous-wife let her euer be,
 But alwaies doing something seriously.
 ¶ Let her well loued selfe, her selfe preserue,
 And from all goatish sentes her skinne conserue.
 Women do oft like golden tombes appeare,
 Worthy without when naught within is faire.

Some ten or twelue yeares yonger then thou art,
 Elect thy wife, for that's a wise mans part:
 Because a womans glories euer faile,
 Long ere the mans strength doe begin to quaile,
 And so within thine eye will breed dislike,
 Ere mutuall yeares thee in like weakenes strike:
 Therefore I wish the husbands age should be
 Thirty at least, for then th' impatency
 Of youthfull hate beginneth to asswage,
 And with more moderation rules his rage.
 Let her be such a one as feareth God,
 Lest she approue the sting of heauens rod.
 Religious, not scrupulous, and boue all,
 ¶ Let her know none whom Puritans we call:
 To run fro Church to Church through al the towne,
 To weare a thin small ruffe, a bare blacke gowne,
 To faine to speake like chickens when they peepe,
 Or leare like cats, when they doe seeme to sleepe.
 To make long priers, and goggle vp their eyes,
 As if their zeales would teare God from the skies.
 To chide if any thing we say is good,
 (Excepting God) as Prince, or almes, or food;
 Christmas to name but Christ-tide, as it were
 Damnation but the bare word masse to heare.

p Sluttishnesse in women was so much detested with the ancient Romanes, that one of the chiefe noblemen of the Citie put his wife from him by diuorce, as if she had been incontinent and vnchaste of her bodie, yea onely for that fault.

¶ In the daies of Ariosto there were many precise and verie hypocriticall Friers, who sow'd such sedition amongst the Church men, vnder the cloak of zeale, that to this day it cannot be rooted out.

54 *The fourth Satyre*

To speake to none that walketh in the streete,
 Or with these words, God sauе you, any greeete:
 Not to looke vp, but fixe on earth the eye,
 Apparant signes are of hypocrisie.
 God pleased is with plainenesse of the hart,
 And not with dumbe shewes of the outward part:
 Such as her life, such her religion is,
 Where arts and words agree not, al's amisse.
 ¶ I would not that acquaintance she should haue,
 With a precision Frier, for hee's a knaue,
 They vnder colour of confession frame
 Mischief, and many Matrons doe defame,
 Nor shall she feast them with delicious fare,
 For they but counterfeits and cheaters are:
 To widdowes, wiues and maides they do remaine,
 Vild, as in haruest are great showers of raine.

q Many good Gentlewo-men, especially old widowes are abused by counterfeite Friers in Italy, they making a shew of more holinesse then the rest of their coate, when it is nothing els but meere knauerie and dissimulation.

r These be such women as the Poet speaketh of, *Meruit formosa videri*, That is, she deserued with the paines shee tooke to seeme handsome, though indeed she was not

Let her owne beauty be her owne delight,
 Without adulterate painting, red or white;
 Nature hath fixt best colours to the face,
 No art hath power to giue so sweet a grace.
 Great paines to little purpose, and much shame,
 They spend, who to adorne their bodies frame,
 Do profitlesse consume whole daies away,
 Let such a one not in thy fauour stay.
 A golden time, a glorious world it was,
 When wosten had no other looking-glaſſe
 Then the cleare fountaine, and no painting knew,
 But what they from the ſimple ſlicke-stone drew.
 Complexion now in euery place is ſold,

And plaifter-wiſe daub'd vpon yong and old.
 Olde jades muſt haue red bridles, and the hag
 Will not in toyſ behind the yongest lag.

s Knew *Herculan* but where those lips of his,
 He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kiffe,
 He would disdaine and loth himſelfe as much,
 As if the loathſom'ſt ordure he did touch.

t He knowes not, did he know it he would ſpew,
 That paintings made with ſpettle of a Jew:

f An Italian Gentleman, whose mistris face was like a Painterstable.

t It is most true that the Jewes make the best colours, eyther *Rosa* or *Bianca*, as may be ſeen in *Famagosta* in Cyprus: and it is also credibly reported, that they make it after this filthy manner as the Poet here ſetteth downe..

(For

(For they the best sell) nor that loathsome smell,
 Though mixt with muske and amber ner'e so well,
 Can they with all their cunning take away,
 The fleame and snot so ranke in it doth stay.
 Little thinkes he that with the filthy dung,
 Of their small circumcised infants young,
 The fat of hideous serpents, spaune of snakes,
 Which slaues from out their poisonous bodies takes:
 All which they doe preserue most curiously,
 And mixe them in one body cunningly,
 Making that vnguent, which who buyes to vse,
 Buyses hell withall, and heauen doth refuse.
 Fie how my queasie stomacke vp doth rise,
 To thinke with what grosse stuppe in beastly wise,
 They make this hatefull vomite of the face,
 With which fond women seeke themselves to grace,
 Daubing their cheekes in darke holes with the same,
 Lest the daies eye should tell the world their shame:
 But knew men which do kisse them, what I know,
 They would so farre in detestation grow,
 That ere they would touch maskes so foule as this,
Mensis profluum they would gladly kisse.
 Nay knew but women how they are abus'd,
 By these plague-salues (so generally vs'd
 Of them) and by those drugs wherewith they fill
 Their closets, cabinets and cofers still:
 They soone would finde their errours, and confessie,
 'Tis they alone which makes them beautilesse.

¶ This curious painting when they vndertake,
 True natures beauty doth the cheeke forsake:
 All that is excellent away is fled,
 Hating to liue with hell, being heauen-bred.
 Likewise those waters which they vse with care,
 To make the pearle-teeth orient and more faire,
 Turnes them to rottennesse, or blacke like hell,
 Whil'st from their breaths deth issue forth a smell,
 More noysome then the vilest iakes can yeeld,
 Or carrion that corrupts within the field.

u Although this doctrine be
 as true as true as true may be
 yet will not many Gentlewo-
 men beleue it, but hold it to
 be meere heresie, and no
 truth.

Well, let thy wife to none of these sins cleave,
But to the Court these rarer cunnings leue.

Let her apparell be in comly fashion,
And not straguized after euery nation.
Head-tires in shape like to a Corronet,
With pearle, with stone, and iewels richly set,
Befits a Princesse right; a velvet hood,
With golden border, for thy wife's as good.
The Loome, the Needle and fine Cookery,
Doth not disparage true gentility.
Nor shall it be amisse, if when thou art,
Within thy Country home, thy wife impart.
Her house-wifely condition, and suruay
Her Dayrie and her milke-pans once a day.
The greatest states in these daies will respect
Their profits, when their honours they neglect.
x But her cheefe care shall on thy children be,
To bring them vp in each good quality.
And thus, if such a wife thou can'st attaine,
I see no reason why thou shouldest refraine.
Forsay that afterward her minde should change,
And from corrupter thoughts desire to range:
Or that she seekes to scandalize her house
With blacke disdaine, or shame most impious,
If in her haruest yeares thou com'st to mow, (grow:
And find'st where corne was, nought but weedes do
Yet thou thy selfe as faulty, can'st not blame,
But spitefull Fate, the Author of defame:
And that her infancy was misgouerned,
And not in vertue truely nurtered.
Thou can'st but sory be for her offence,
When want of grace doth draw on impudence.
But he that like a blinde man doth run on,
And takes the first his fortunes fall vpon,
Or he that worse doth (as doth basest he)
Who though he know her most vncharfe to be:
Yet he will haue her in despite of all,
Euen though the world him hatefull wittall call:

^x The bringing vp of chil-
dren in good sort, is one of
the chiefest partes which be-
longs to an honest woman, as
the Poet saith in his *Orlando*
Furioso.
The vertues that in women
praise do win,
Are sober shews without,
chaste thoughts within;
True faith & due obedience
to their make,
And of their children
honest care to take.

If after sad repentance him importune,
Let him accuse himselfe for his misfortune:
Nor let him thinke any will moane his case,
Since his owne folly bred his owne disgrace.

But now since I haue taught thee how to get,
Thy best of choyce, and thee on horsebacke set,
I learne thee how to ride her wild or tame,
To curbe her when, and when to raine the same:

No soone^s thou shalt take to thee a wife,
But thou shalt leau^e the old haunts of thy life,
Keefe thine owne nest, leſt ſome ſtrange Bird lie hid,
And doe by thee as thou by others did.

y Like a true Turtle with thine owne Doue ſtay,
Else others twixt thy ſheetes may falſly play.
Eſteeme her deare, and loue her as thy life,
No matchleſſe treasure like a loyall wife.

If thou wilt haue her like and honour thee,
First let her thine affections amply ſee:
What ſhee doth for thee, kindly that reſpect,
And ſhew how thy loue doth her loue affect.
If by omissiſſon ſhee doe ought amifleſſe,
In any thing that gainſt thy nature is:

§ With loue and not with furie let her know,
Her errors ground, for thence amendments grow.
A gentle hand, A Colt doth ſooner tame,
Then chaines or fetters which doe make him lame.
Spaniels with stroking we doe gentle finde,
Sooner then when they cooupled are or pinde.
These kind of Cattell gentler then the rest,
Without the vſe of rigor doe the beſt.
Good natures by good vſage beſt doe prove,
Disdaine breedes hate, tis loue ingenders loue.

But that like Afles they ſhould beaten be,
Neither with ſenſe nor reaſon doth agree:
For where loues art auailles not, there I feare,
Stroakes will more bootleſſe and more vile appeare.
Many will boſt what wonders they haue wrought
By blowes, and how their wiſhes they haue caught.

y Good counſell to all ſuch young men, who haue long warmed themſelues by other mens fire.

S Ariosto hauing ſene the cructie of the Italiants, who keepe their maſtrefeſſes like Birds in Cages, and knowing that ſuch tyranny made them more apt to prooue falſe and vnkind, periwadeth his kinſman to the contrarie, approouing the prouerbe, that a woman diſireth nothing more then that of which ſhee is reſtrained.

How they haue tam'd their shrewes and puld them
 Making thē vaile euen to the smalleſt frown. (dowb,
 But let those giants which ſuch boastrings loue,
 Tell me what they haue got, and it will proouie,
 Their wiues their blowes on hands & face do beare,
 And they their wiues markes on their foreheads

^a Besides who leaſt a wicked wife can tame, (weare.
 Doth oſteſt brag that he can do the ſame.

Remember ſhe is neighbour to thy heart,
 And not thy ſlauе; ſhe is thy better part.
 Thinke 'tis enough that her thou maift command,
 And that ſhe doth in loue-knots loyall ſtand;
 Although thy power thou neuer doe approoue,
 For that's the way to make her leauē to loue.
 Giue her all wiſhes whiſt ſhe doth deſire,
 Nothing but that which reaſon doth acquire.
 And when thou haſt conſirm'd thee in her loue,
 Preſerue it ſafe, let nothing it remoue.

And yet to ſuffer her do all ſhe will,
 Without thy knowledge, may much vertue kill.
 So likewiſe to miſtruiſt without all reaſon,
 To perfitt loue is more then open treaſon.
 To go to feaſts and weddiſgs 'mongſt the beſt,
 Is not amiffe: for there ſuſpect is leaſt.
 Nor is it meeſe, that ſhe the Churc̄h refraine,
 Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.
 In publique markets and in company,
 Is neuer found adulterous viIIany.

But in thy goſſips or thy neighbours houſe,
 And therefore hold ſuch places dangerous.

^a Yet as deuotion to the Churc̄h her leades,
 Thou ſhalt do wel to marke which way ſhe treads:
 For oftentimes the goodly prey is ſtill
 The cauſe why men do ſteale againſt their will.
 Chiefly take heed, what conſort ſhe liues in,
 Beware of Wolues that weare the Weathers ſkin,
 Marke what reſort within thy houſe doth moue,
 Many kiſſe children for the nurses loue.

^a These braggants are like
 that honest man, whose wife
 hauing broke his pate, and he
 wearing a night-cap, being
 asked why he ware it, anſwered,
 that his wife falling on
 the ſudden ſick, he tooke ſuch
 thought for the ſame, that he
 became himſelfe ill alſo, and
 ſo was glad to excuse the
 matter.

^a By this tricke *Ariollo* ſhe-
 weth himſelfe to be a right I-
 talian: for ſo do many Italians
 vſe to dogge their wiues
 when they goe abroad, the
 poore women not thinking
 that their husbands do watch
 them as they doe.

b Some for thy wiues sake much will honour thee,
Do not with such men hold society.
When shée's abroad, thy feare is of small worth,
The danger's in the house when thou art forth.
Yet wisely watch her, lest she do espie
Thy politicke and waking ielousie.
Which it she do, then is her reason strong,
Thee to accuse, that dost her causelesse wrong.
Remoue all causes what so ere they be,
Which to her name may couple infamy.
And if shee needes will cast away all shame,
Yet let the world know thou art not to blame.
I know no other rules to set thee downe,
How thou maist keepe unstaind thy wiues renowne.
Nor how thou maist keepe men from hauing power,
Thy wiues chaste honours basely to deuoure.
c And yet I'le tell thee this, if she haue will
To tread awry, thou must not thinke through skill
To mend her, for she is past all recure,

more, and many drie blows he would giue these lusty youths which resorted vnto his house; wherof I wil giue you a tast & so away. One day a Gentleman of a good house came to visite him (or rather if I should say truly his wife) who meeting him at his doore saluted him, calling him kinsman, & withal asked how his couesen his wife did, saying, he would be so bold as to go in & see her; I pray you do, said the goodman, and yet before you go a word with you. With al my heart replied the scholer; then said the Malt-man, since I came acquainted with you and other kinde Gentlemen my kindred, I haue learned two latine verses, and I would know the meaning of them: Let me heare them, said the yong Student; that you shall, said the townse-man, and these be they. *Tuta frequensq; via est, per amici fallere nomen:*

Tuta frequensq; licet sit via, crimen habet.

Now, said he, I pray you tell me them in English. I am not so good a scholer at the first sight to explane them, replied the Student. Then I am said the married man, and this it is:

Friendship with greatest safety doth deceave,
And yet though safe, 'tis knausie by your leaue.

Hereupon he fell a laughing, saying, I thinke I haue now paid you home; and so away hee went, leauing the Student to goe visite his wife. c Many hold of opinion, that to be a Cuckold is destiny, and not their wiues dishonesties, as a good fellow in the world said to a friend of his, who telling him he was sory that so honest a man as he should be abused as hee was, seeing the fault was his wiues and not his. I thanke you neighbour, replied he, for your good conceit of me; but I assure you, I thinke it was not her fault, but rather mine owne fortune that made me a cuckold; for I verily beleue whosoere I had married would haue bin naught awel as she. Nay then (quoth his neighbour) if you thinke so God forbid I should dissuade you from an opinion you hold so confidently, and so left him.

b There was in a certaine Vniuersity either heere or elsewhere a certaine Malt-man, who hauing a very sweet and louely browne woman to his wife, many Gentlemen, Students, and others would be his kinsemen; insomuch that a familiar of his demaunded one day of him merrily, Which way it came that so many gallants were allied vnto him; who replied laughing (like a good companion) by my truth Sir I know not, except this kindred come by my wiues side; for before I was married vnto her, there was not one scholer in this Vniuersity that was acquainted with me. This fellow though he was plaine, yet had hee a shrewd pate, and although he said little, yet did hee thinke

60 *The fifth Satyre*

And what she will do thou must needes indure.
Do what thou canst by art or obseruation,
She will create thee of a forked fashyon.
Al's one if thou doe vse her ill or well,
When women are resolu'd,spite heauen or hell
They will strike saile, and with lasciuious breath,
Bid all men welcome, though it be their death.
And for you shall not iustly thinke I lie,
Lend but your eare to this true historie.

A Tale.

There was a Painter whom I cannot name,
That vsed much to picture out the Diuell,
With face and eyes fit for a louely dame:
No clouen feet, nor hornes, nor any euill.
So faire he made him, and so formallly,
As whitest snow, or purest Iuory..
The diuell who thought it very great disgrace,
The Painter shold ore come in curtesie,
Appear'd to him in sleepe face to face,
Declared what he was in breuity:
And that he came but onely to requite,
His paines in painting him so faire and white.
And therefore wil'd him aske what so he would,
Assuring him to haue his whole request.
The wretch who had a wife of heauenly mould,
Whose beauty brought his iealous braines vnrest,
Intreated for the ending of that strife,
Some meanes to be assured of his wife.
Then seein'd the diuell to take a goodly ring,
And put it on his finger, saying this;
So long as thou shalt weare this pretty thing,
Thou maist be surc she cannot do amisse.
But if thou vse to leaue this ring vnworn, (horne..
Nor man nor diuell can keepe thee from the
Glad was this man, and with his gladnesse waked,
But scarcely had he opened both his eyes,
Before he felte his wife starke belly naked:
And found his finger hid betweene her thighes.
Remembering then his dreame how it concluded,
He thought the diuell had him in sleepe deluded.

And yet not so; (quoth he) for it is true
 If so we meane our wiues shall be no flingers,
 There is no such deuice, nor old nor new,
 As still to weare such rings vpon our fingers:

For else though all our haires were watchful eies,
 We should not see their subtil treacheries.

Nor can this policy scarce vs auaille,
 For if she meaneth *Chaucers* ieast to try,
 She to another will her loue entaile,
 Although she knew she for the same should die.

^d The flic Venetian lockt his Ladies ware,

Yet through her wit *Aeteans* badge he bare.
 My Lord, few married men do liue content,
 Their wiues as crosses vnto them are sent:
 So must I say the single life is ill,
 Sith in the same dwels many troubles still.

^e Yet better tis in Purgatory dwell
 A little space, then alwayes liue in hell.

What my best strength of reasons are you see,
 And therefore your owne caruer you may be.

^f Tis all but one resolute, who e're is borne
 To marry, likewise must possesse the horne.

Yet I but merrily do write and iest;

The married mans estate of all is best :

And they who cannot chastrly leade their liues,
 May in the world finde many worthy wiues.

One of the best of which I wish to you,
 One that is louing, loyall, wise and true.

a horse-shoe, with smal little holes in the midſt, & is as ſmooth at the one end as at the other, hauing two little ſmall chaines which came round about her middle, and were ſhut cloſe on each ſide with a lock. It is at this day with other antiquities to be ſeen there. ^e The Poet compareth marriage to Purgatory, where, as they ſay, they continue in paine but for a certayne time. But the Batchellors life he termeth hell, because in reſpect of the comforts in mariage, it may be termed a helliſh life, or elſe he termeth the Batchellors life hell, because he thinks that none perhaps liue honest vntill they be maried: & therefore in the greater danger if they die not maides. ^f Our Poet here is very merry with his kinſman, elſpecially being an Italian, who of all ſports cannot abide any iest that ſauoreth of the horne, for if he ſay, No doubt. *Ioco di mano, Ioco di villano*. *Pigliara nell' gran ſcorno il Ioco dello corno.* But in the end he maketh him amends, wiſhing him as good a wife as good may be, euē the beſt amogſt women.

^d Antonio Silvio a nobleman of Venice, hauing a maruelous faire woman to his wife, & being ſent embafſiator into Germany vnto the Emperor then liuing, the Signori of Venice was to iealous ouer her, as he cuifed a moſt wonderfull, ſtrange & artiſciall locke and key per la Ficasua, which the good Lady tooke ſo unkindly (being miſtrusted with our cauſe) that he no ſooner was gone onward on his iourney, but that ſhe by the counſell & perfwafion of her amorous ſeruant, affiſted by the cuaning deuice of a moſt ingenious and excellent workman, a Dutchman) got a false key for the locke, & ſo enioyed her louing friend all the abſence of her husband, who returning homeagaine neuer perceiued the fraud: But after the death of this Lady, the knowledge thereof coming to the Signori of Venice, they for the strangenes of the matter cauifed the locke and chaſne to be amogſt their other chiefe monuments in Grand Sala in S. Marks pallace, It is made of ſiluer plate, very thin, and in proportion not much vnlke



 THE
 FIFTH SATYRE
 OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth by occasion of a certaine kinde of gouernment or Lieutenantcy ouer a country which the Duke of Ferrara bestowed upon him, how unfit he was for any thing but onely for the Muses. And that to be a louer is the greatest fault and greatest absurdity that any man can commit.

To Master Sigismand Malagnzzo.

a Two riuers so called, not far from the Apenine mountaine.

b A little Towne vpon the borders of the Dukedom of Ferrara, and in these dayes somewhat dangerous by reason of the Woods and Mountaines there abouts, where a number of Banditie kept.

c Leo the 10. was no sooner dead, but Alfonso Duke of Ferrara, entred into the field with an hundred men at armes, two thousand toote, and three hundred of light

Horsemen, and so went to incampe before Cento, after he had recovered by the will of the Italians Bondena, Finale, the mountaine of Modena, and Graffagnana and other Townes about Romagnia, which Leo had taken from him, although he challenged them to be his.

T His day hath fully sum'd an eu'en yeare,
Since hither first I made my sad repaire :
(Leauing Ferrara, wher I first drew breath,
By endlesse toile to hasten speedy death)

a Hither where swift *Turrita, Serchio* meetes,
Betwixt two bridges whence their billowes fleetes,
Making continuall noise through diuers springs:
Which their owne flowing waters to them brings.

To gouerne as the Duke did me assigne,

b His poore distressed flocke of *Graffanine*,

c Which craud his aid assoone as *Leo* died,
Because the Romish yoke they would not bide;
Euen *Leo* who with much sterne cruelty,

Had brought them to the gate of misery,
 And worse had done, but that the mighty hand
 Of heauen, did all his tyranny withstand.
 And this the first time is in all this while,
 That euer I did write or ought compile :
 Or to the learned Muses haue made sute,
 But dumbly liued, tong-ti'd and sadly mute:
 The strangenesse of this place hath so dismaide me,
 That like a fearefull bird I durst not play me,
 Who hauing chang'd her cage, flutteres her wing,
 And through amazement scar'd, doth feare to sing.
 (Kinde kinsman) that my case is in this sort,
 And that from me thou hast not heard report,
 Wonder thou not, but rather doe admire,
 That in this space my breath did not expire,
 Seeing I am an exil'd man, at least,
 An hundred miles from that I fancie best ;
 Since riuers, rockes, and mountaines 'boe the skies,
 d Keepes me from her is dearer then mine eyes.
 All other busynesses which me concerne,
 I can excuse, and from mine ease do learne,
 To make my friends conceiue in generall,
 That all my greatest faults are veniall.
 But to thy selfe I will in plaine phrase speake,
 And all mine inward cogitations breake.
 To thee I'le shew my selfe, for thou shalt know,
 Both how my wisedome and my follies grow ;
 Where as to others should I so much tell,
 My folly would be made my passing-bell,
 To ring my death of wit, whilst with sterne looke,
 The world would hardly my confession brooke
 Saying no question he is mighty wise,
 Which can see nothing, yet hath both his eyes : -
 And is most fit to be a foole to other,
 When his affects he cannot rule nor smother.
 Pie, to be fifty yeares, and yet to glow,
 As if I did but fully fifteene know.
 And then he tels the Scriptures strictest lawes,

d Ariosto had no fault, but
only that he loued Venerie ;
which was a veniall sinne a-
mongst the Italians.

Both Scriu'ners Adages, and olde mens sawes.
 Well, though I erre, I am not fully blinde,
 But can my blouds fault in large measure finde:
 And which is more, I do condemne the same,
 And not as others do, defend my shame.
 e But what auailes my penance, when nearelesse
 I know my faults, yet make my faults no lesse,
 Or since no precious Antidote I finde,
 To heale the ranckling vicer of my minde?
 But thou art wiser, since when thou dost please,
 Thou can'st affections sickenesses appease,
 Which being hid in man, Nature doth mixe,
 And to mans inward soule the same doth fixe,
 This is the worst the world of me can say,
 Whose ill perhaps may haue a worse display
 Then it deserues, although some verball care
 They haue of me, when great their sorrowes are,
 (And would haue more) if I could this redresse,
 And those my fleshly motions quite suppressse.
 5 Those which in this world speake molt curiously,
 Close in their hearts the deepest injury.
 Thou know'st I know the world hath many a slauē
 That will blasphemē, sweare, curse, be mad and rauē,
 Accusing others that they Cuckolds be,
 When his weake iudgement hath no power to see,
 How goodly, large and spreading is that horne,
 Which his owne forehead many yeares hath borne.
 Others diseases every one can spie,
 But none will mend his owne deformity.
 We can reprove in strangers what's amisse,
 And see not in our selues what vilder is,
 We take delight that we can reprehend,
 When t'were more generous our selues to mend.
 The wallet which behind hangs with sins store,
 We neuer see, our cies are both before.
 In either kill, nor strike, nor do contend,
 Nor am I hurtfull, but the whole worlds friend,
 The worst I doe, is that I onely grieue,

o He is the rather to be pitied, in that he confesseth his fault, being sorry for it, and willingly would hee haue amended it, but that he could not.

5 Here the Poet taxeth the infatiate luxury of Friers and Church-men, which was in those daies so great, that very few seuerall Monasteries were without many cradles and many sepulchers of young infants.

Because I cannot with my mistris liue,
 And thinke it torment more then torments bee,
 To liue from her which onely liues in me,
 And yet I not forget t' acknowledge this,
 That herein onely I do still amisse:
 Yet not so ill but that by intercession,
 I may be pardon'd through mine owne confession.
 The vulgar sort with water oftentimes,
 (Not onely greater faults then my small crimes)
 Wash cleane away, but (which breeds greater shame)
 Baptizeth vice with noble vertues name.
f Hermilan that is growne so couetous,
 (As to behold the same, tis monstrous)
 Nor rests by day, nor slumbers in the night,
 But makes his gold his God, and his delight:
 No loue of friend or brother will he hold,
 Hates his owne selfe, loues nothing but his gold,
 Yet is esteem'd a man of industry,
 Of perfitt wisedome and great policy.
Raynard swels big, and doth disdaine his state,
 Lookes as the world would tremble at his hate.
 He thinkes himselfe what he can neuer be,
 And feedes his hope with idle imagery,
 He will surpassee in spending ill-got wealth,
 And in apparell goes beyond himselfe.
 A steward he will haue, a Huntsman, Faulkoner,
 A Cooke, a Chamberlen, and a curious Caruer,
 Lordships he sells, and makes them flic away,
 A manor or a parke goes every day.
 What his old auncestry had many yeares
 Cathred together, and left vnto their heirs,
 That with immoderate lauishes he spends,
 And through the world in all disorder sends.
 But what for this? none murmures at his will,
 Nor doth demand why he consumes thus ill,
 But rather call him most Magnanimous,
 Most bountifull, gallant and vertuous.
 The common sort, the Hydra multitude,

*One of the louingaynes
of people of places in Rome
T By Hermilan, Richard and
others, he sheweth how many
in the world commit grosser
faultes by farre then hee did,
and yet what they do passe
for currant, and are not con-
demned of the world.*

Thus with their flattery do him deuide,
Solanio so much busynesse takes in hand,
And meddles so with all things in the land,
That euen the waight is able to confound
The strongest horse that euer trod on ground.
Within the custome-house he hath a charge,
And in the Chancery a Patent large
To Ports and Keyes immedately he flies,
Where both his profite and commandment lies.

¶ One of the strongest and
richest places in Rome be-
longing to the Pope , which
Pope Clement the eight beso-
wed vpon his nephew *Don*
Pietro, it being worth better
then 12000. crownes by the
yeare.

¶ To Castell Angelo then will he scowre,
And all this done in minute of an howre,
The very quintessence of all his braines,
He doth distill to bring the Pope new gaines :
Nor doth his cares or painfull studies end
To any thing saue profite onely tend,
It ioyes his heart when he heares rumor say,
That with his toiles he wastes his life away.
And so that to his Lord he crownes may bring,
He nor respects acquaintance, friend nor kinne.
The people hate him, and they haue good cause,
Since it is true, 'tis he which onely drawes
The Pope to plague the Citie, and still lades
Her with new customes, taxes, and intrudes.
Yet a Magnifico this fellow is,
High staled, and can nothing do amisse.
Whil'st like to Peassants, Noble-men not dare
To come to him, and their great suites declare;
But they must cap and crouch, and bare head stand,
As if he were the Monarch of the land.

Laurino takes vpon him (of pure zeale)
In vpright iustice, chiese affaires to deale,
His countrey hec'le defend through his deserts,
Whil'st publike good to private he conuerts.
Three he exiles, but sixe to death he sends,
Begins a Foxe, but like a Lion ends.
From tyrannie his strength he doth create,
Whil'st gifts and bribes do eu'en dam vp his gate:
The wicked he doth raise, the good keepes downe,

And

And yet this man is rich in all renowne;
 He is renownd to be both iust and good,
 When he is full of whordome, theft and blood.
 Where he should honour giue, he giues disgrace,
 Malice with pride, and pride with wealth doth place:
 Whom he should most releeue, he most offends,
 His ope-eyd iustice, loues none but his friends,
 Crowes oft for Swans, & Swans he takes for Crows,
 Now knew his iustice but my loue-sick woe,
 What sowre faces from him would appeare,
 Like him that on a close-stoole straining were?
 Well, let him speake his pleasure with the rest,
 I care not for their speeches, that's the best;
 Onely thee which art mine onely friend,
 I do confess my pleasures are at end,
 Since I first hither ('gainst my will) was sent,
 My ioyes are gone, and my delights are lost.
 This of my reasons I haue chiefeſt tride,
 Though others more I could alleadge beside,
 ¶ Why I haue left *Pernassus* learned mount,
 Nor with the Muses talk't as I was went.
 Then when with thee in Reggio I did stay,
 (My native foile) and past the time away,
 In all best iouiall solace and delight,
 Priding my ſelfe in waighty verſe to write,
 Those glorious places did me amply good,
 Reui'd my ſpirites and inflam'd my blood.
 ¶ Thy Mauritanian lodge for banqueting,
 With all the worthieſt pictures flouriſhing,
 And call my *Rodanus* not farre from thence,
 Of water-nymphes the choiſteſt reſidence;
 Thy crystall fishponds, and thy garden, which
 A ſiluer ſpring with moisture doth enrich,
 Watring by art those checker'd flowers ſtill,
 And in the end fal's downe into a Mill:
 O how I wiſh for that and for the rest,
 Which whil'ſt I diſenjoy my ſense was bleſſed,
 Nor can my memory forgoe the thought,

S *Pernassus* is a mountaine in Boetia, where the Poets fained the well of learning to be; in which liued the nine Muses or mistresses of all art.

¶ He describeth a marueilous dainty banqueting house in Reggio, belonging to the Mallagurzzi, and called ſo because it is built after the manner of the buildings in Barbarie, ful of great and wide windowes for coolenesse in Sommer, and beautified with many excellent and admirable pictures, and ſtatues of great price and worth.

Of those braue Vines from fertill L^en^ee brought;
 Those valleis, nor those hills, nor that high Tower
 Can I forget, where I haue many an hower
 Repos'd and search't out every shadowie place,
 The Fresco coole I loued to imbrace:
 Whil'st I one booke or other would translate,
 Which forraine Authors did communicate.
 O then I youthfull was and in my prime,
 My yeares euen Aprill, or the springs best time,
 Which now are like October, somewhat colde:
 For I begin, and shal be long be olde.
 But neither can the fountaine Helicon,
 Nor Ascras valleies, no nor any one
 Be of the power to make my verses sing;
 Unlesse my heart be free from sorrowing:
 Which being so, then this place where I dwell,
 Is not for study, sith it is my hell,
 When here no pleasure is, nor any ioy,
 More then disuention, horror and annoy.
 This soile I barren and vnwholsome finde,
 Subiect to stormes, to tempests and to winde.
 One part is hilly, th' other low and plaine,
 Wherein there doth no pleasantnesse remaine.
 The place wherin I liue is like a cell,
 Deepe and descending downward as to hell:
 From thence there's none can come at any time,
 Unlesse he passe the riuere Appenine.
 I tell thee gentle Couz, ill is my taking,
 Since thus of all my friends I am forsaken.
 For stay I in my house, or to theaire
 Seeke to disburden some part of my care,
 Nothing I heare but spitefull accusations,
 Brawles, brabbles, or more shamefull acclamations,
 Murthers and thefts, and such like villanie,
 To which I must attend most patiently.
 This is the cause I one while am compel'd
 With mildest reasons to make some men yeeld,
 Others to threaten, and by force to draw,

Others to punish by strict penall law,
 Some I absolve, to some I pardon giue,
 In hope hereafter they will better liue.
 Then to the Duke I straight doe packets write,
 For counsaile or for souldiers which must fight,
 To th' end those out-lawes which about me stay,
 May or be flaine, or driuen quite away :
 For one thing I must let thee vnderstand,
 That in most wretched state abides this land.
 Since the wilde Panther first, the Lyon then,
 Did in this wofull countrey make their den ,
 So many lurking thecues doe here abide,
 And in such number flocke on every side,
 As not the best commanders which we haue,
 (Whose charge is to pursue them to the graue :
 Dares with his ensigns spread, their strengths inuade
 Such prooefes the flaues haue of their valor made:
 So that he wisest is which safe doth stand,
 And stirs not to take danger by the hand.
 Still I doe write, and write to him againe,
 Whom it concernes, but all my labour's vaine:
 For though he send (as reason is he shoule)
 Yet he not sends that answere which I would,
 Each Castell armes (within it selfe) doth take,
 And fourescore three in number they doe make
 Of periur'd rebels, who maliciously
 Spoile their owne countrey with hostilitie.
 Judge then if great *Apollo* when I call,
 Will come to shew himselfe to me at all,
 Leauing his Cynthian or his Delphian shore,
 To heare these brabbles, which he doth abhorre,
 Both he and all his sacred sisters nine,
 To looke vpon such places doe repine.
 But here thou maist demand of me the cause,
 Which me to this vexation headlong drawes,
 Leauing my studie with obscure neglect,
 And my deare mistresse without all respect.

O Cuz, thou know'ft I ne're was couetous,

adgM

K 2

Nor

Let the Pope vsed the pe-
 ple of this countrey so hardly,
 that they tooke vp armes a-
 mongst themselves and be-
 came rebels.

Some thinke by the Pan-
 ther hee meant Julius the se-
 cond, not long before Pope
 and by the Lion Leo the tenth

Fourescore and three Ca-
 stels or small villages were
 there in all, which were risen
 vp in arms, by reason they
 were so mightily oppressed by
 Pope Leo.

m Whē Ariosto first followed the Duke of Ferrara, he of his owne voluntary minde bestowed a yeerely pension of him, but afterwards hauing warres with the Pope & the Venetians, both at one time, he withdrew his former liberality, nor whē they were ended did hee restore the same vnto him againe, which Ariosto tooke very vnkindly.

n Aliud ex alio milum, here is one mischeefe vpon another's neck; he no sooner lost his pension in Ferrara, but his office which the Cardinal Hypolito had bestowed vpon him in Millain, was takeē from him by reason of the ciuill warres in Italy also.

o This was the chiefe captaine of the rebels, who did perswade his companions to leauē the Pope, & yeeld vnto the Duke of Ferrara, which vpon the conditiōs aforesaid, they did. Wherupoē the Duke sent Ariosto thither as gouernour (to make him amends for his late vnkindnes) where he behaued himselfe so wisely that he brought the country into great quietnesse, in such wise as when hee came from them hee left them in a manner in good peace and concord, although whilst he remained there, hee was much discontented and disquieted in minde.

Nor from ambition haue beene enuious.
With a poore pension I haue beene content,
Which in Ferrara got, I there haue spent:
But thou perhaps this chance didst never know,
That when the warres began with vs to grow,
m The Duke but slowly did my pension pay,
And at the last did take it quite away.
During the warres I grieu'd not to be barr'd,
Of my best due, but when as after ward,
All things was quiet and the world at peace,
It troubled me to see my payment cease.
n And so much more, since by ill boading fate,
I then had lost an office in the state,
In Millain, through this vnxpected warre,
Hoping in vaine, short time would end the iarre:
Horses do sterue (they say) whil'st grasse doth spring,
And I found he said true that so did sing.
At last vnto the Court I weary came,
And thus my suite vnto the Duke did frame;
My gracious Lord (said I) vouchsafe some gaine
Vnto the elder merits of my paine:
Or suffer me that I may else pursue
My fortunes some where else, and not with you.
The Graffanini at that time by chance,
Began themselves with courage to aduance,
Being perswaded by o Marzocci's song,
To leauē the Pope who then had done them wrong,
And thereupon sent many embassies,
Vnto our Duke their mindes to specify:
Th' effect was this, they did humbly craue,
They might their ancient priuiledges haue,
With their old customes; whereto he's content,
And they forthwith yeeld to his gouernment.
And hence it came out of some sodaine grace,
I chosen was to gouerne in that place,
Either because the time so short did grow,
That well he knew not where he might bestow
The office but on me; or for I best,

Might.

Might spared be as one of merite least;
 For which I count my selfe with humblenesse,
 Bound by this grace vnto his mightinesse.
 It is his loue which bindes me to his grace,
 For which I thanke him more then for this place,
 Which though beyond my spirits it aspire,
 Yet doth it not accord with my desire.
 Now if about these rebels you demand,
 What mine opinion is; it thus doth stand:
 They rather did deserue seuerity,
 Then any touch of gentle lenity:
 For when I do but call into my minde,
 How perjur'd and perfidious I them finde,
 Although what e're I did was still to ease them,
 Yet there's no doubt but I did still displease them.
 They nor like me, nor I their countrey loue,
 And therefore daily pray for my remoue.
 § In this I do resemble *Aesops Cocke*,
 Who having found a pearle, the same did mockes.
 A place I haue obtain'd of gaine and fame,
 And yet (in sooth) I care not for the same.

As with the Sea Venetian, so with me
 It fares, to whom a swift-foot Barbarie,
 (A gallant horse) was giuen by the King
 Of Portugale for some great meriting,
 Who for he would shew that he did accept,
 His royll gift, and not the same reject;
 Forgetfull how the difference to discerne,
 Twixt vse of bridles, and the tall ships sterne,
 Mounts on his backe, and therewith taketh hold,
 Vpon the pomell, like a horse-man bold:
 That done he strikes his spurs into his side,
 Saying softly to himselfe, for all thy pride,
 Thou shalt not fling me downe do what thou can,
 If the girthes hold, I'll shew my selfe a man.
 The fiery jade, feeling the wounding spurre,
 Began to plunge, to bound and keepe a sturre:
 Which when the good old Sea-man felt, he more,

§ The Poet here comparreth himselfe to *Aesops Cocke*, who finding a precious stone, said, hee had rather haue found a barley corne, and *Ariosto* had rather haue had a quiet warm study, then the great governement of Graffanini.

A Tale.

Drawes in his bridle then he did before :
 And spars him worse both on the flankes and side,
 Till with his blood his riders heeles were diete.
 The horse not vsed to be ridden so,
 Nor can his riders doubtfull meaning know,
 The bridle holding backe, and bidding stand,
 The spurre to go on forward doth command;
 But in the end, madly resolu'd thereon,
 Flat on the ground he flings Sir Pantalon.
 Our great *Magnifico* lies on his backe,
 And cries as he were tortur'd on a racke,
 With thighes all sore, and shoulders out of ioynt,
 His head sore bruise'd, his heart at deaths last point,
 All pale with griefe and feare in pitous wise,
 Besmear'd with durt, at last he vp doth rise :
 Right malecontented that he was so mad,
 To deale in that where he no iudgement had.

Farre better had he done, and so had I.
 He with his horse, I with his country,
 T'haue said my Liege, or Lord, I am not fit
 For this high place, nor doe I merit it.
 This bounty doth exceed what I deserue,
 Let it some better worthes, and not mine serue,
 If eyther I or he had beene thus plaine,
 I had had much more ease, he lesser paine.

THE





THE
SIXT SATYRE
OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth what qualities a good Scholemaster ought to haue, and how hardly any is found honest of that coat, and in the end setteth downe certaine grievous losses which he endured in his youth time.

To Master Peter Bembo.



*Embo, a I nothing couet or require
(Though tis the careful parcts strōg desire)
b So much, as I might my *Virgilio* see,
Rarely instructed in Philosophy,
Which who so hath he then is in request,
And may take vp his ranke amongst the best.
Now since I know that thou most learned art,
And of each liberall science hold'k best part:
Euen from my best of loue, I humbly craue
That of this youth, some watchfull care thou haue
And yet I would not haue thee to conceive,
That with thee any trouble I would leauie:
Or that I would thou shouldest his Pedant be
To teach him Grammar rules industriously
Tis not my mind: for I would haue thee know,
Better good manners doth within me grow.
Such men of worth as thou, and of thy place,*

a He wrot this Satyre before Bembo was Cardinall, who as I said before, was Secretary to Leo the 10. who aduanced him to that degree.

b Although hee were never married yet had he two Sons by a very faire woman called *Alessandria*, whereof this *Virgilio* whom he loued best was one. The other was called *Gran Baptista*, but the Lady to whom hee was deuoted most, was called *Geneuera*, as hee himselfe confesseth in his seventh Canzon or sonnet, where hee doth figuratiuely set it downe in a most scholjerlike manner.

With

c This is a common speech in Italy when any hath committed any notable or horrible sinne, they terme it *Ironice*, or a small Peccadillo of Spaine: which grew first from this occasion: A certaine Caualier of Spaine came to his Confessor to be shriuen of his sin, to whom the Frier giuing eare, he began to tel him, that hee had mightily offended in pride. His Ghostly father told him, that it was the root of all euill, and the chiefe President of all the other deadly sinnes. but said he, despaire not, and beleue faithfully, and thou maist be forgiuen, and the rather because all Spaniards by nature are poude and surly. Secondly, hee told him he was giuen to be very wrathful and full of choler; and this, answered the Frier, is another deadly sinne, and yet pardonable, in that you being a Souldier and a braue man at armes, ought not to pocket vp any indignity or abuse; especially if it were to the disparagement of your honour. Thirdly, he said, he was giuen to lust and lechery; and that replied the Confessor, is a heauy sinne; yet may prove to be light through grace, and may well be forgiuen as veniall, because thou art a lusty young man; and in the prime of heate and youth, and no d ubt but age will tame it in you. Fourthly, he said, he was much giuen to gluttony, and that (said his Ghostly father) may be pardoned, in that when you liue at home in your owne house, you liue with li tle, nor surfeting in meat or drinke, as you doe when you are abroad. To conclude, the Spaniard told the Frier, he was guilty of the other three sinnes, which were Sloth, Enuy, and Couetousnesse; the more is the pity (answered the Priest) yet for your sloth, take more paines hereafter; in stead of being envious, be louing and charitable; and for your couetousnesse, entertaine liberality and bountyness, which will bring you soone to heauen; and so God forgiue you and I doe. And hauing so said, he rose to goe his way; when the Spaniard stayed him with his hand, told him, he had one little thing more to tell him of. The Frier asked him what it was; he replied, that it was a matter of no moment, and a meere trifle. yet (quoth the other) cleare your conscience of all now you haue begun. But, said the Spaniard, it is not worth the speaking of, it is nothing, *Nados, nados, Peccadillos, peccadillos.* The Frier hearing him make so sm ill account of the same, and yet not willing to disclose it, was the more earnest with him to tell it. Whereupon on the sudden, the Spaniard burst out into these words; *Non credo in Deos*, I doe not beleue in God. The Frier hearing him say so, left himselfe with the signe of the Crosse as if he had beeene some diuell, and away he got from him as fast as euer he could trudge. And euer since that time any famous or notorious vileny is termed *Peccadillos di Spagna*, by the contrary.

They

With these disparagements we doe not disgrace: Onely my meaning is that at thy pleasure, (sure,) Thou wouldest vouchsafe to doe me that high plea- As to bethinke thee, if vnto this end, Thou know'st in Venice any worthy friend, Or else in Padoa 'mongst the learned throng Who speakes the Grecian and the Caldean tong; Skilfull in knowledge, iust in deed and word, With whom he may haue learning and his board. If such a one thou know'st of worth and skill, He shall (with reason) haue what e're he will: Let him be learned, but especially Looke that his life be fixt to honesty: For if in vertue he doe not surmount, Of th' other qualities I make no account. 'Tis easie to finde learned, but we can Hardly finde out a learned honest man. For in this age, who most of art doth braue, Hath oft most vice (reading makes him a knaue.) Besides, the *c* *Peccadillos* small of Spaine,

They say he in his speeches doth maintaine.
 Of Atheisme they him challenge, and approue
 The faith Apostolike he doth not loue :
 Nor of that Vnity (admired most)
 Betwixt the Father, Sonne and holy Ghost.
 He cannot thinke how th' one from th' other goes,
 Like diuers springs w^ch from one fountaine flowes :
 Nor can he in his sense conceiue how one,
 Should or be three, or that three still be one.
 He rather thinketh that if hold he shall,
 An argument quite opposite to all,
 Contesting with all sacred verity,
 Alleadging for sound reason Sophistrie;
 That then his wit is excellent and rare,
 And his conceit beyond the best compare,
 Making the world beleue he climbes the ayre,
 And reaches to Iehouah's sacred chaire.

^d If Nicoletto preaching holy writ,
 Or famous Martin with his learned wit ,
 Suspected be of infidelitie,
 Or if they chance to hold strong heresie :
 Their too much knowledge, I accuse thereof,
 Nor will I angry be thereat or scoffe,
 Sith, their ambitious spirits mounting hie,
 To search God's deepe forbidden secrecie,
 No maruell'tis though they confounded are,
 When they beyond their strengths will wade so far.

But thou whose study is humanity,
 Wherein no such depth lies confusedly :
 Whose subiects are the woods and shaddowing hils,
 Or crystall springs whence water cleans'd distils :
 Whilst thou old martiall stories dost rehearse,
 And blaze abroad in proude Heroicke verse :
 Or with the Rethoricke of sweet wordes dost moue,
 And turnest harsh thought into pliant loue,
 Or else with pleasing flattery too too base,
 Princes dost praise when they deserve disgrace:
 Tell me what thou in thy conceit dost find,

^d Two famous Friars, the first of the order of S. Augustine, the other of S. Francis; & now of late daies Lupo Panigarola & Aquapendente haue beeene counted very learned Preachers in the Court of Rome, insomuch that the Pope would say Lupus monet, Panigarola suadet, & Aquapendente docet.

That thou with madnes should'st perturbe thy mind?
Or what doth with thy knowledge disagree,
That thou as others should'st not honest be?

e Many Italians, both men
and women will chuse rather
to be called after the old Ro-
manes then as Christians are,
as Peter they wil be called Pie-
rio, for John Iano, for Luke Lucio
for Marke Marco, & such like.

e The name thou did'st receive when thou wert born
Of Saint or of Apostle, thou dost scorne:
When thee thy suerties do Christian make,
And so into the holy Church do take,
In Cosnico or in Pomponio,
Thou changeſt Peter to Pierio,
John into Iano or Iouinian:
Turning the Cat Renuerso in the pan,
As if the worse thou should'st be for the name,
Or thou thereby should'st purchase greater fame,
To be a better Poet, then if seriously
Thou plid'st thy booke with lesser vanity.

§ Ariosto taxing the base flat-
tery & curiositie of his coun-
trymen sheweth the opinion
of Plato, the scholer of Sogra-
tes, wha was the famousest
Philosopher in all Athens, and
writte a booke, intituled His
Common wealth; in which
he banisheth al flatterers and
ouer curious people as 'the
most hurtfull members there-
of.'

§ Such fooles as these, are such as *Plato* did,
From euery ciuill Common-wealth forbid
By his graue discreet lawes, since he well knew,
Nor good nor profitie would from them accrew.
Yet *Phæbus* musicke nor *Amphions* art,
Shall not compare with these in any part;
Nor those which first did holy verse devise,
Whose sacred tunes perswaded Angell wise,
Men for to liue with men, and to giue o're
To feed like beasts on Achornes (as before)
Whil'st in the woods and thickets wofully,
They sauage-like did range confusedly.

Most true it is, such as were strong'ſt of all,
(Whose lawlesse force the weakest did enthrall,
Taking from thē their flocks, their food, their wiues,
And oftentimes (without all cause) their liues,
At last became obedient to that law;
Which to be needfull for themſelues they ſaw,
Whilst following plowes and tilling of the land,
They iustly got by labour of their hand, (paines,
And through the sweat which issued from their
The worthy haruest of their honest gaines.
Hence did the learn'd perſwade the ignorant,

And

And simple people who did iudgement want,
 That Phœbus built vp Troy with musickes sound,
 And Amphions harp rais'd Thebes out of the ground:
 That musicke cou'd make mountaines to obey,
 And stones to daunce about when they did play:
 As Orpheus did, who with his holy song,
 Lyons and Tygres drew with him along. (coat,
 Yet thinke not though 'gainst these of mine owne
 I thus enueigh with loud and open throat,
 But that(besides vs Poets) I doe see,
 In other schoolemen as much vanity,
 Who doe deserue worse punishment then speach,
 If to the world I durst their crimes appeach.

f Tis not Quintilian, tis not he alone,
 That doth his Scholers villanies bemone,
 But others, whom if here I should display,
 And tell their vices, thou wouldest quickly say,
 g That from Pistoia's closset (not from mine)
 h They stolne haue, and from Peter Aretine.
 From others studies, honour oft and shame
 I reape, and so with pleasure mixe defame:
 Yet not in such wise as when I doe spie,
 That Poets praise as well do liue as die.
 More I do grieue and inwardly lament,
 To heare how faire i Aonio by consent,
 Is senselesse held without all braine or wit,

books, as *Villa delle Monache*, *delle Maritale*, & *delle Curtezani*. Hee was such a seuere taxer of Princes faults, which liued in his time, that hee was called *Flagello delli Principi*, the scourge of Princes. He died in Venice, and lieth buried in Sebastians Church, with this Epitaph.

*Qui iacet l' Aretin Amara Tosco
 Delsemen humani latia lingua trafisse,*

*Et vine, & morti O Idnio mal disse;
 Et sifuso condio l' nol conosco.*

Here biting Aretyn lies buried,
 With gall more bitter neuer man was fed.
 The liuing nor the dead to carpe he spared,
 Nor he for any King or Keysar cared.
 Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
 His scuse was this (quoth he) I know him not.

i By this couert name he bewaileth the disgrace of Poetry that is in this age.

f Quintilian was the first famous Grammarien that euer read openly in Rome.

g This was an excellent Orator, called *Gicnan di Pistoia*: He wrote diuers Epistles in Italy, but very wanton, which are much in request amongst his countrey men the Italians.

h He meaneth from some of Aretynes lasciuious workes, which are of great acount in his countrey. Aretyne was born in Arezzo, a towne subiect to the Duke of Florence, and where excellent dishes are made of fine earth for banqueting stuffe. At first he studied Diuinity; but when hee saw the Court of Rome to make no account of vertuous learning, hee gaue ouer that course and writ most villanous

And that the winde so wauering doth not flit :
 Then if from some most foolish Doctors voice,
 His neare Ally in folly and in choice,
 I shoulde haue heard the same , to whom some foole,
 (Like to himselfe) in his vnlettred schoole,
 The selfe same honour on his fame should clap ,
 With a scarlet gowne and formall corner cap .

k It grieues me more that weake *Placidian* still
 With feasts and surfets should his olde age fill ,
 As when he did his youths first heat enjoy ;
 And that from man he should become a boy :
 Then for to know how that the same disease ,
Andronico my neighbour doth displease ,
 Who hath possesit full this seauen yeare ,
 And yet (as at the first) is nothing cleare .
 If it be told me, greedy *Pandarus* ,
 Is o're-much griping , *Curio* icalous ,

That *Ponticus* affects Idolatry ,
 And *Flavius* sweareth most egregiously :
 It doth with spite goe to my heart more neare ,
 Then when for small gaines I *Cusatro* heare .
 False iudgements vpon any one to fixe ,
s Or that *Masse Baptista* doth strong poison mixe .
 Amongst his Phisicke, whilst (through treachery)
 His Spanish figs kils vs vnnaturally .
 Or, sith that Master in Theologie ,
 (The counterfeit of deepe Diuinity)

Who (for the nonce) to doe his country wrong ,
 Mixeth his Burgamaskes with the Tulcan tongue ,
 Keepeth in pay a snyueling durty whore ,
 Who at one birth two bastards to him bore :
 Whil'st for to please her greedy ne're-fild gut ,
 He spends Gods cope vpon that brothell slut ,
 Though his own sterued mother 'mongst the poore ,
 Goes vp and downe , and begs from doore to doore :
 Yet afterward I heare him blushesse cry ,
 As if he were nought else but sanctitie ,
 Saying I am the man doth pray and fast ,

k Under these fained names
 of *Placidian* and others which
 follow after, as *Andronico*, *Pan-*
darus, *Curio*, *Ponticus*, *Flavius*,
Cusatro, and the rest, he taxeth
 some great men that haue li-
 ued, of grieuous faults .

S The Poet hauing repea-
 ted all the grieuous offences
 of his country, especially that
 of impoysoning, which is most
 common , cyteth one *Baptista* a
 notable Mountebanke, whom
 it was supposed , made that
 confection wherewith *Victoria*
Cerumhona impoysoned the
 Duke of Brachiano .

Gives almes, and leads my life pure virgine chaste:
 And which is more, thou know'st O God above,
 Deare as my selfe I doe my neighbour loue.
 But neither this dissembling nor the rest,
 Brings to my thoughts or trouble or vnrest,
 So that it shall nor breake my quiet sleepe,
 Nor me from food or other pleasures keepe.
 It is not me, it is themselues they wound,
 The sores whereof will on their soules be found.
 But to returne from whence this speech me draue,
¹I for my sonne would such a Master haue,
 As by my good will with these vgly crimes,
 Should not be stain'd, nor challeng'd by the times:
 One that would truly make him vnderstand,
 From the great language (so loued in our land)
^mWhat politicke *Vlysses* did at Troy,
 Both of his trauels, and his sad annoy;
ⁿ Or all that euer *Appolonius* writ,
 Or what *Enriipes* (that fount of wit),
 With Tragedies of stately *Sophocles*,
 And the Astrean Poets workes of praise..
 To them adde *Pindarus*, whose famous booke
 Call'd Galatea from the water-brookes:
 With all those other writers, which so long
 Haue beene renowned for the Greekish tongue.
 Already hath my selfe taught him to know,
Virgil and *Ovid*, and *Horace* long agoe.
Plautus and *Terence* he doth vnderstand,
 And oft haue scene them acted in our land.
 Thus (without me) by this his Latin aide,
^o He may hereafter safe to Delphos traide:
 Nor can he misle the way to Helicon,
 But safely to his iourney's end passe on.
 Yet that his iourney may the safer be,
 And he more strengthned by his industry,
^p I faine would have for him a trusty guide, (tride.
 Whose knowledge in these countreyes hath beene
 My slothfulesse, or rather destiny,

I Hee meaneth *Virginia* of whom we spake before, who afterward became a Churchman, and had very good Ecclesiastical liuing, but his other sonne *Gijs Baptista* was a soilder, and became Capraine of a band of men of the Duke of Ferrara; of whom hee was well accounted, and liued in good esteeme with him.

^m He meaneth *Homer* that famous Greeke Poet.

ⁿ *Appolonius* of the sect of Pythagorians, wrote an excellent discourse of his trauels in Greeke, which is extant.

^o His meaning was whē his Sonne had gotten the Latine tongue perfittly, then he shold learne the Greeke, and not before.

^p Ariostos care is to be commended in that hee is so desirous to haue a good schoole-master for his sonne.

p He was sorry he could not
teach his son Greeke as well
as he did Latine.

q Forbids my selfe to keepe him company
From *Phœbus* Temple vnto *Delos* Ile,
As Romane gates I opened him erewhile,
My meaning is, that I am farse to seeke,
Though Latine I him taught, to teach him Greeke.
Alas, when first I was by nature giuen
To verse, and not thereto by strong hand driven:
My bloome of youth being in the first appeare,
As hauing on my chinne not one soft haire,
My father with all rigor of his wit,
Quickly compels me to abandon it,
To study glosses and the ciuill Law,
In which fife yeares I spent, but no good saw.
But when he from his wisedome did perceiue
That I an endlesse web began to weave,
And that against my nature I did climbe,
The scale I loued not, and so lost my time,
With much adoe he gaue me liberty,
And made his will my will accompany.
Now was I twenty yeares of age and more,
Nor had I any schoolemaster before,
So as (to tell you true) I scarce was able
To vnderstand in *Aſope* any fable,
Till smiling fortune brought me to conuerſe

r With *Gregory* of Spoleto, whose commerce
I ſhall renowne and euer loue his name,
Be cause what ſkill I haue, from him it came.
In Romane language he was excellent,
And in the Grecian tongue as eloquent;
So that he well could iudge from ſkill profound,
Whose trumpet had the ſtrill or better ſound,

s Or *Venus* ſonne, or *Thetis* louely boy:
But I in thofe deepe judgments tooke no ioy,
Nor ſought to know the wrath of *Hecuba*,
Nor how *Vlyffes* ſilily ſtole away
From valiant *Rhesus*, both his life and horſe,
By art of wit, and not by manly force.
For I desirous was to know at firſt,

r This was an excellent La-
tinist, and a good Grecian, &
the best Schoolemater that e-
uer Arioflo had.

s By the firſt hee meaneth
Eneas the ſuppoſed ſon of the
goddeflie *Venus* by the other
Achilles the ſon of *Thetis* god-
deſſe of the ſea whose worths
being moſt excellent, he think-
eth none ſo excellent a ſchol-
lar as his maſter *Gregory* is a-
ble to diſcribe them.

Why to *Eneas*, *Juno* was so curst,
Or why her malice with prolixity,
Held him from being king of Italy.
Besides me thought no glory would arise,
From the Greeke tongue, to me in any wise,
If first I did not Latine vnderstand,
It being once the tongue of our owne Land.
Whilst thus the one with industry I sought,
Hoping the other would with ease be caught:
Angry occasion fled me, for because,
Offring her fore-lock, I did seeme to pause:
¶ That haplesse dutchesse tooke my *Gregory*
From me, to fix in her sonnes company,
Whose vnkle did usurpe his soueraignty,
For which she saw reuenge sufficiently,
(Though to her cost) alasse why was't not meant,
That he which wrongs should haue the punishment!
¶ The vnkle and the nephew, such was fate,
Lost at one instant, kingdome, goods, and state:
Both being conuaid close prisoners into France,
One instant giuing date to each mischance.
But *Gregory* at the suite of *Isabel*,
Followed his scholler whom he lou'd so well,
¶ To France he follow'd, where he liv'd, till death
Tooke from his best of friends their best of breath.
This losse so great with other losses more,
Which (vnxpected) I with patience bore,
Made me forget the Muses, and my song,
And all that to my study did belong.
¶ Then dyed my father: from *Maria* now

not beene of a too ambitious & aspiring minde: others report that there was no commendable quality in him, but giuen to be busie headed and troublesome, setting his neighbour Princes together by the eares: he was the first which brought *Lewis* the 12. king of France into Italy, being one of the chiefe occasions of all the troubles that hapned unto his country: others say he began an usurper, hued a dissembler, and died a begger, and which is worse, a wretched prisoner. in *Gregory* of Spoleto following the yong Duke *Frâcis Sforza* into Frâce, within a while after died there. x Whé *Ariosto* was 24. yeares of age, his father died (who in his youth had beene a companion of Duke *Borzo* , and after that an officer to Duke *Hercules*) leauing his mother called *Maria* to liue with him, and another of his sisters called *Maria* also, tor whom he was to prouide a dowry.

He meaneth *Isabel* daughter to *Alphonso*, king of Naples whose husband *Iohn Galbazzo Sforza* was duke of Milan, ouer whc state his vnkle *Lodowick* (surnamed the More, because he was of a tawny complexion) did usurpe, and in the end poisoned his foresaid nephew, who died at Pania, after whose death his son called *Frâcis Sforza*, who married *Beatrice* the daughter of *Hercules* Duke of Ferrara, being very young, succeeded his father in the Duke-dome, but his foresaid great vnkle *Lodowick* ruled all. To this yong Duke *Frâcis Sforza*, was *Gregory di Spoleto* tutor, by the meanes of *Isabel* his mother. ¶ After *Lodowick* had a while usurped vpô the Dutchy of Milain, which beloged vn-to his Ne phew bothhee and his Nephew, were betrayed by the Swizers, & sold to *Lewis* the 12. then king of France, who sent the prisoners to the castell of *Loches*, wherin they remained as long as they liued. The foresaid *Lodowick* was a Prince most excellente for his eloquence & industry, & for many good gifts of nature and spirit, a creature of very rare perfection, had bee

My mind I to *Maria* needs must bow:
 I now must finde a husband who must take
 One of my sisters to his louing make.

Then for another I must straight prouide,
 That to a lesser charge I might be tide:

y Although *Ariosto* was the
 eldest Sonne, yet was not hee
 left rich, because his fathers
 liuing stood most vpon offices
 & fees, which died with him.

y For though the Land came vnto me as heire,
 Yet others held in it with me a share.
 Then to my yonger brothers was I bound,
 Who me a father in my loue haue found,
 Doing that office which most dutioufly
 I ought performe to sacred piety.

Some of them vnto study did attaine,
 Some in the Court did couet to remaine:
 Each one to such good courses so well bent,
 That to my conscience they gaue good content,
 Where by I saw their vertuous infancy,
 Would saue their age from all indignity.

Nor was this all the care which from my booke,
 Kept my long thirsty and desiring looke:
 But many more, (though these sufficient be)
 That I was for't in this extremity,
 To tie my Barke vnto the safe calme shore,
 Lest it should sayle at randon as before,
 And so vnwares vpon the quicke-sands runne,
 Whereby the rest and I might be vndone.

z He was so much perplexed
 with the charge of so great a
 family as he had, & with be-
 stowing his sisters, and prouid-
 ing for his brothers, that he
 was in a manner ready to
 giue ouer his study, had not
 the emulation which hee had
 with a gentleman of his owne
 name and kinne called *Pan-*
dolpho Ariosto, still renewed his
 former disposition.

z But I as then so many crosses had,
 And in so many folds of griefes was clad:
 That I desired nothing but my death,
 As weary onely of a weary breath.

a Ay me! as then my chiefest pleasure died,
 The columne whereon all my hopes relied,
 He whose commerce did onely ioy my hart,
 Gaue life vnto my study, bred mine art:
 Whose sweetest emulation made me runne,
 That from the world I might the goale haue wonne.
 My kinsman, friend, my brother most, most deare,
 My heart, my soule, nay then my soule more neare,
 My best *Pandolpho* died; ô that my death

Had beeene the happy ransome of his breath.
 O hard mishap, O cruel overthrow,
 That to the Ariostian house could grow,
 To leese their choicest branch, their garlands grace,
 Whose like shall never grow in any place.
 In so great honour living didst thou liue,
 That I but rightly said, when I did giue
 Thee first preheminence to vertues crowne,
 In all Ferrara or Bologna towne;
 From whence thy noble ancestors first came,
 And at this day doe flourish in the same.
 If vertue honour gives, as vice disgrace,
 Then never was there any of his place,
 More likelier to obtaine in each degree,
 All honour, worth, and famous dignity.
 Now to my fathers death, and next to his,
 (Two images my soule can never misse.)
 b Adde how I was oppressed with the thrall,
 Offeruite vnto the Cardinall:
 c And yet no Prince with him may be compar'd
 For bounty, though to me perpetuall hard.
 For from the time Pope *Inno* was create,
 Euen till his breath of life did consumate,
 And afterward, of *Le*o scuen yeare,
 He did not suffer me slay any where,
 And so my wits about his worke applide,
 That in no certaine place I could bide:
 That from a Poet I was straight transuerted,
 And to a worthless Caualier conuerted.
 d Note then if posting alwaies vp and downe,
 Through Cities, Courts, and euery countrey towne,
 I could the Greeke or Chaldean tongue obtaine,
 Whil'st to my selfe my selfe did not remaine.
 Now I assure thee I doe much admire,
 That such a fate my fate did not acquire,
 e As did to that Philosopher befall,
 Vpon whose head a stone fell from the wall,
 Whose very stroke did from his braine disauer

b This was Hypolito the Cardinall, of whom wee spake so much in the first Satyr, hauing receiued but small kindenesse for his great paines in seruice.

c The honest disposition of the Poet, who commendeth the Cardinall, although hee had no cause thereto.

d This was aboue eighteene yeates in all, all which time he followed the Cardinals seruice with exceeding great paines, yet receiued little or no benefit.

e Aulus Gellius maketh mention of a certayne Philosopher in Athens, who through a blow he had vpon the head with the fall of a great stone, fell into such a strange infirmitie, that after hee was recovered he lost his memory, in such wise that hee forgot that euer he was a scholer, nor vnto his death could remember that euer he knew or had any learning at all.

All former thoughts and motions whatsoeuer,
But to be briete, good Benbo I thee pray,
(E're I too late should wish) elect the way,
To choose for my Virgme such a friend,
As thy best iudgement may with worth commend,
That right might guide him to Pernassus hill,
Since I thereto haue neither fate nor skill: sud I say
Yet no such Pedagogue I craue as this,
Whose story I'le relate, and this it is.

A Tale.

There was a youth in Spaine of il-bred blood,
In learning poore, but rich in worldly good,
Whose frends when he was yong put him to schoole,
But all in vaine, the foole prou'd still more foole.
At last a liuing of the Church there fel,
In that same towne where this rich foole did dwell:
And to the same a free-schoole ioyned was,
Whither the towns-mens children all might passe
Gratis, and teaching haue, sith stypends great,
Allotted was to th' one and th' others seate.
Now when his kinne of this had heard the same,
They thought with coyne to plant him in the same:
Meaning for schoole an vther he should haue,
And for his Church some Deacon, sober, graue,
To both of which small pensions he should giue,
And on the surplussage himselfe would liue.
For this was in the daies of ignorance,
When men did wealth, not worthy artes aduance.
Besides, they thought by this deuice to make
The world, this foole for some wise Solon take:
When they should heare what liuings he posset,
In which they none but men of note inwest.
Hence from the King of Spaine by coine they got,
His roiall letters, to command this so
Vnto the Pope himselfe, for it was he,
That held this gift in his owne charity.
Besides, a priuy item in them was,
His Holinesse should suffer this rich Aſſe
To be instald, and not examined,

He ſe galant

As one whose arte was onely famouised,
 Onely three words of Latine he was taught,
 Wherwith his letters first he should be brought.
 Before the Pope: which spoken artfully,
 He should haue his dispatch with breuity.
 The first was this, making a reverence,
 He onely shold say, *Salve sancte parens.*
 The Pope then, *Vnde venisti*, would reply,
De Spania must he say, then by and by:
Vbi sunt litterae (last) the Pope would say,
 He then must answere, *In manica mea*:
 And take them forth, and kissing them he shold,
 Forthwith dispatche be, with his bribing gold.
 Thus being taught his lesson by his friends,
 Towards Rome he hies, for there his journey tends.
 But halfe the way he hardly had discern'd,
 Ere he had lost the Latine he had learn'd.
 Now as he beate his braines againe to find,
 What he had lost, though 'twas out of his mind:
 It fortun'd as he did amuze theron,
 To see come by a great Procession:
 One of the Priests whereof did loudly sing,
Salve sancta mater, that the streetes did ring.
 When as this dunc no sooner heard the same,
 But into his dull braine forthwith it came,
 Those were the words he onely had forgot:
 And therefore ouer-joyed at his lot,
 Great hast he makes to haue a swift accessse,
 (By meanes of friends) vnto his Holinesse.
 Where falling downe low, *Salve sancta mater*,
 Sayes the foole scholler with an open clatter.
 The Pope not knowing what he meant by this,
 Sayes, *Non sum mater Christi*, you your marke doe
 The other sentelesse (*Paraglito* like) (misce
 Not knowing what he spake, or wrong or right,
De Spania did reply with count' nance bold.
 The Pope, that with a frowne did him behold,
Mumbled, Demonium habet adolescens tu;

In manica mea; he replied, and drew blood from a
 His bag, to giue his letters to the Pope :
 Who thinking with the diuell he should cope,
 Cried out, and for to run was ready prest,
 Till one of some more wit then all the rest,
 Found that an Ass was in a Lions hide,
 Whose base ambition all men did detise.
 But when the Pope the Spanish King did see,
 So earnest in this fooles behalte to be :
 And likewise did consider how much gaine,
 His coffers by such Idiots did retaine :
Accipiamus pecuniam then he said,
Et admitemus Asinum in his stead.
 Thus was the Spaniard lightned of his gold,
 And both these liuings vndeseru'd did hold.

Bembo, no such like Pedant do I craue,
 We and the world too many of them haue.
 Let him be learned, and an honest man,
 Let him haue both these vertues if you can.
 " Where vertue reigneth most, least vice is still:
 " Thy judgement's good, I aske but thy good will."

THE



THE SEVENTH SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGUMENT.

He sheweth that honours change manners, and that many men increasing in fortune and riches, change their first good vertues and qualities, being either unmindfull or unthankfull towards such, from whome they haue received former curtesie, and how his desire alwaies was to liue at his study and booke quietly, and with a small living.

Written to the honourable Bonauenter Pisto filo, Secretary to Alphonso Duke of Ferrara.

Noble a Pisto filo, thou doſt write to me,
If I the Dukes Embassador wold be, (space
t Vnto Pope Clement, and for three yeares
In Roine liue Ledger, with all port and
To giue thee notice, and thou wilt with pain (grace;

a Ariosto wrot this Satyre a litt'e before hee got leaue to
giue ouer his Lieuetenancy
of Graftanana, which hee so
much mishked: and this Pisto
filo, being Secretary to the
Duke of Ferrara, obtained li-

gense for him to come away; not long before which time he offered him to go Embassador
to Pope Clement, but he would not in any wise accept it. b Clement the seuenth was base
sonne to *Julio* (Ies the tenth's brother) he was called *Julio* before, and was first made Knight of
the Rhodes by the afore named Leo his kinseman, and after that Cardinal and Legat of Bo-
logna. He was so mighty when he was Cardinal, as making his entry into two Conclaves, he
was absolute commander of sixteene voyces. He was at last made Pope within two yeares af-
ter the death of Leo notwithstanding the many obirusions and emulations of the most anci-
ent Cardinals. This man married *Catharine de Medices* his Neece, vnto the second sonne of
Francis the French King: and in his time was Rome sacked by the Emperiall army (whereof
the Duke of Bourbon was Generall, and was gaine before the wals) and the Pope himselfe,
with certaine Cardinals taken prisoners. He died hated of all his Court, suspected of most
Princes, and for the order of his life, he left behind him a renoune, rather hatefull then ac-
ceptable; for he was accounted covetous, of little fidelity, and naturally farre off from doing
pleasure to any man; insomuch that he was in a manner unwilling his owne house of Medi-
ci should be aduanced.

Although our Poet was well acquainted with Pope Leo and all the house of the Medici, when they where but priuate Citizens, & after whē they obtained greater dignities: yet hee like a wise man, looking into the world, and perceiving the fashio of courters, how they would giue faire wordes, but do few kind deedes, considering how well he deserued at their hands, he very cunningly drew his neck out of the collar, and gaue ouer the Court. But to come to Leo the tenth againe, hee was chosen Pope, the seventh day afier the Cardinals went into the Conclaue, being the but thirty seuen yeares old, the yong Cardinals being the occasion of his election, by their great industry, hauing long time before secretly agreed amongst themselues, to create the first Pope of their number: his name was John before. Hee was a mighty Prince in his time; for he possessed inpeace, & great obedience, the largest estate of the church of Rome, and his whole Court florish wonderfully vnder him in plentifull happiness. He had ful authority ouer the state of Florence, which in those dayes, was a Common wealth mighty in people, policy and riches. He was naturally inclined to pleasures, and therefore tooke no great delight in hearing of suits and busying himselfe about such affaires as concerned the Apostolicall See; his custome was to consume the day in hearing of musicke, in seeing of Stage-playes, and in synging with scoffers and iellers, and was so effeminate, as he was altogether estranged from warres giuing himselfe so much to ease, that he grew so corpulent and fat, as though he was but a young man, yet was he scarce able to goe vpon his legges. Besides he was ouer liberall and magnificall; insomuch that hee not onely wasted the treasures that *Iulio* the second, his Predecessor left him, but also was euer poore and needy. He had no great care to raise or make great his house or kindred, after his two brethren *Iulio* and *Peter* were dead, being greatly vnsfortunate in this, that he liued to see in himselfe the end of his owne house, excepting one yong mayden, who was called *Catharine di Medices*, of whom we speake before. He died in Rome of a feuer, but as some say he was poisoned by *Barnaby Maledictus*, his Chamberlaine, whose office was alwaies to giue him drinke; and it was thought he was hired thereunto by the French King then living.

To my request this suir and glory gaine.
 Besides, with reasons thou dost me perswade,
 That I would in this noble motion wade:
 As first that all men haue esteemed me,
 A perfyt friend vnto the Medics:
 That we acquaintance most familiarly
 Haue had together, and most inwardly:
 As well when they at first were banisht men,
 As when their Citty calld them home agen:
 That I knew Leo after, and before
 On crimson shooe the golden croſſe he bore.
 Next (that besides thou thinkſt, I profit ſhould
 The Dukes estate) vnto my ſelue it would
 Exceeding gaine, and mighty profit bring,
 Beſides the ſteps of honor I ſhould win:
 That in a riuere great more fish are caught,
 Then in a little brooke of easie draught:
 That Princes ſeruices haue no compare,
 And where we profit finde, all pleasures are.
 But now that you haue to my minds beſt eye
 Explain'd your wiſedome, hearken my reply.
 First to thy noble vertues thanks I giue,
 That thus in thy remembrance I do liue:

And

in peace, & great obedience, the largest estate of the church of Rome, and his whole Court florish wonderfully vnder him in plentifull happiness. He had ful authority ouer the state of Florence, which in those dayes, was a Common wealth mighty in people, policy and riches. He was naturally inclined to pleasures, and therefore tooke no great delight in hearing of suits and busying himselfe about such affaires as concerned the Apostolicall See; his custome was to consume the day in hearing of musicke, in seeing of Stage-playes, and in synging with scoffers and iellers, and was so effeminate, as he was altogether estranged from warres giuing himselfe so much to ease, that he grew so corpulent and fat, as though he was but a young man, yet was he scarce able to goe vpon his legges. Besides he was ouer liberall and magnificall; insomuch that hee not onely wasted the treasures that *Iulio* the second, his Predecessor left him, but also was euer poore and needy. He had no great care to raise or make great his house or kindred, after his two brethren *Iulio* and *Peter* were dead, being greatly vnsfortunate in this, that he liued to see in himselfe the end of his owne house, excepting one yong mayden, who was called *Catharine di Medices*, of whom we speake before. He died in Rome of a feuer, but as some say he was poisoned by *Barnaby Maledictus*, his Chamberlaine, whose office was alwaies to giue him drinke; and it was thought he was hired thereunto by the French King then living.

And that I finde thou alwaies didst contend, i giv me
How me vnto aduancementes to commend a p[er]son
Seeking to make me worthy as the best, o b[ea]tiful
When my dull spirit with no fire was blest. i quicke
Next, I assure thee, willingly I wold; rebus omniis
Pass fire, or flood, or any freezing cold; habeo m[od]estum
To serue the Duke: nor shalt thou me command; d[omi]n[u]m
To Rome alone, but every other land, omnia illigem
I'le post through willingly, and trie the fate ob[er]balme
Of France, of Spaine, or of the Indian state. n[on] d[omi]n[u]m
But where thou failest, that I shal honours gaine, n[on] d[omi]n[u]m
And to my selfe a world of wealth attaine, n[on] d[omi]n[u]m
If that thou thinkest will moue, then pardon me, Ha
For in that point I cannot iump with thee: n[on] d[omi]n[u]m
d Other deuices must allure my minde. A s[ecundu]s a m[od]estus
Ambition in my thoughts I never finde: t[ertiu]s a m[od]estus
Honour I haue too much, I none do lacke, B[ea]tiful
And faine I would discharge soine from my backe. I
It shall suffice, as through Ferrara I'le to i[n]d[ic]h[ia] i
Walke to dispatch my businesse seriously, c[on]siderasit
Each one that meetes me, gives me courtesie, v[er]o d[omi]n[u]m
Vailceth his hat, and speaketh thankefully e[st]imatio
e For all men know, it oft hath pleas'd this graces, B[ea]tiful
That I at his owne table should take place. Ha
Nor when or for my selfe, or for my friend,
I doe the weight of any suit commend, n[on] d[omi]n[u]m
Am I repul'st; but what I wish to draw, a d[omi]n[u]m
(So it agree with reason or the Law), o[pt]ima p[ro]p[ri]et[ate]
And if (although my minde be satisfi'd, q[uo]d modus
With all that doth in honours power abide) i[n]d[ic]h[ia]
I had so much of wealth that my desire, T[er]tia C[on]sideratio
Unto a greater height could not aspire: Y[er]e[ti]c[us] a m[od]estus
I then should quiet be, whereto now my minde, H[ab]eo I
To keepe a compass right I never find, R[ati]onabili p[ar]te
I for my selfe but this wish and no more, s[ecundu]s a m[od]estus
That I might liue, not begge of others store, O[pt]ima p[ro]p[ri]et[ate]
Which henceforth I'le not hope for, since I proue, T[er]tia C[on]sideratio
So many mighty men haue vow'd my loue,

As might haue made me rich, and yet refused,
 (For little I haue had, and lesse haue vsed.)
 Whence growes the cause that thus I poorely serue,
 Although I might say, better I deserue.

f Fortune is fained by the Poets, to be slow in escaping from the vessel of *Epimetheus*: that is, an afterwit is better then a fore wit, a good lucke commeth not so soone as an ill. Of this *Epimetheus*, you may reade more in *Plato*.

g Alluding to the common saying, *Fortuna fauet fatuis*: for commonly it is seene, who deserueth best, findeth least fauor at her hands.

h Hee saith that every one that is lifted vp vpon the wheele of Fortune, looketh hie, forgetting his old friends, and becommeth a new man as it were, not remembraunce, with whom hee so familiarly conuersed before.

i Meaning honors changeth manners; affirming, that a meane man raised to dignety, and then humbling himselfe, as he did before, shalbe rather hindred then aduanced thereby, and therfore he must keep state still.

k He meaneth *Leo* the tenth of whom we speake beforc.

f I will not that the power which once was slow,
 From carelesse *Epimetheus* crue to goe,
 Shall draw me like a Buffone by the nose,
 Nor will I more delight in flattering shooes.
 Much doth the painted turning wheele me feare,
 Which after one selfe manner euery where
 Is drawne by painters: true 'tis like to be,
 When as so many in one thing agree.

g He that sits on the top thereof's an Asse,
 All know this riddle, and may let it passe
 Without a *Sphynx*, which may the same expound,
 The meaning with such easinesse is found.

h Besides, 'tis seene that all which mount on hie,
 Eftsoones refine their members curiously:
 i And what of earth behinde doth heauy stay,
 That keepes him backe in all things as it may.
 The very hope it selfe to minde I call,
 Which with the leaues and flowers came first of all,
 But after fled away; nor did September,
 Expect all this. And more, I can remember

k The day the Church was vnto *Leo* given,
 For spouse, and (for her dowry) endlesse liuing:
 When at that marriage, I so many saw,
 Of my best friends, who then to Rome did draw,
 On whom faire scarlet honours were bestow'd,
 Whil'st I liued still with my poore needy load:

The Calends came, the Ides were past and gone,
 Yet I of any was not thought vpon.
 I could not be remembred, and yet I
 Remember this, and shall do till I die.

l O 'tis most vaine, for man on man to trust,
 I'le none beleue, they all are most vnjust.
 That day came down from heauen fond foolish hope
 And went to forraine Soiles, when first the Pope
 Imbrac't

1 An excellent saying of *Ariosto*, and a worthy precept to know the inconstancy of common friendship.

Imbrac't and kist me (though it was vnmeet)
 Whil'st prostrate I fell downe before his feet.
 But afterwards, when I peceu'd that nought,
 (Saue ayre of words) his sauours to me brought :
 And that experience taught me how to know,
 That onely shadowes from such grace did flow :
 I then began to giue despaire my hand,
 And plainly saw, I fish't on the drie land :
 And since that time I vow'd, none to beleue,
 Nor more (for what I cannot haue) to greeue.
 There was a *Gourd* or *Mellan*, long agoe,
 That (in a while shot vp) so high did grow,
 As it a Pear-tree (neighbour by) so couered, (thered).
 That with her leaues, his boughes were welny smo-
 Now this same Peare-tree on a morning chan'g'd
 To ope his eyes, and round about him glan'g'd :
 For he had slept a mighty sleepe and long,
 And seeing how this new fruit did him wroeng,
 Said vnto it ; what art thou, and what chance,
 Makes thee so soone thy proud head to aduance ?
 Where were thou hid, when I fell first asleepe,
 That o're my head, thus proudly thou dost peepe ?
 The Gourd told him her name & shew'd the place,
 Where on the ground below she planted was :
 And that in three months space, it did attaine,
 Vnto that height in which it did remaine.
 And I (replide the tree) with mighty feare,
 Haue hardly got this tallnesse which I beare :
 Although this thirty yeares I here haue growne,
 And haue all seasons and all weathers knowne.
 But thou which in the twinkling of an eye,
 Hast rais'd thy faire head eu'en into the skie,
 Aflure thy selfe, as thou art growne in hast,
 With selfe-like speed, thy glories all shall wast.
 Euen so my hopes which made me postling come,
 My vain fond hope, which brought me first to Roine,
 Migh't well haue said, I came in fitter time,
 Euen when the *Medici* were in their prime,
 Of the Duke of Lorrain, grandchild & executrix to catbarin
 sh-

m He applieth his hasty po-
 sting to Rome, to be aduanced
 by Leo, when hee was made
 Pope (of which he was decei-
 ued) and the sudden rising of
 Leo and the *Medici*, and his
 chieft friends, to the sprouting
 of this *Gourd*, which as it rose
 hastily, so did it fall suddenly,
 & so did they all; *Ariosto* of his
 expectatiō, the Pope & all his
 followers of their glorie.
 n Although the chiefe of the
 house of *Medici* had but il for-
 tune, w^{ch} were Pope *Leos* bre-
 thrē, yet *Clement* his kmthman,
 who succeeded him in the Pa-
 pacy, raised vp again his fami-
 ly in Florence; for he sent for
 his nephew *Alexander* out of
 Flanders; who coming to Flo-
 rence, proclaimed himself ab-
 solute Duke of that City. He
 married the Emperours base
 daughter, & carried himself
 very stoudy towards the peo-
 ple; in somuch as in the end he
 was slaine by a knyght of his
 own, called *Laurice di Medicez*,
 who therupon fled to Venice,
 & was afterward slain by cer-
 tain men, in hope of a reward,
 which was proclaimed to be
 giuen to him that could take
 the murtherer either aliue or
 dead. *Alexander* being thus
 dispatcht, *Cosmo* the son of *Leob*
 di *Medice*, was chosen Duke of
 the Florētunes, who liurd some
 23. years after his election. He
 married *Don Diego di Toledo*'s
 daughter, Viceroy of Naples,
 & had diuers children by her,
 of which *Francisco* succeeded
 him, and after his death then
Ferdinando his brother. This
Ferdinando married the daugh-
 ter of *di Medice* late Queen mo-

94 The seventh Satyre

o This *Sofina* was a Noble man of Romagna in Italy, allied to the *Strozzi* of Florence, and therefore one that could not brooke the greatness of the *Medici*.

p When *Leo* the tenth was Pope (as I said before) he unjustly expulst the Duke of Urbino out of his lawful estate, and placed his nephew *Lawrence* in that Dukedom, who had to wife through the fauor of *Francis* the French King, Lady *Magdalena*, nobly descended of the Duke of *Bouillon*, with a yearlye reuennue of ten thousand crownes, during her life. But this mariage proued but fayall vnto them

both; for after he had beene a while in France, where hee consummated his wedding, his wife died, and he within a while after followed her, leauing none other heire of his body lawfully begotten, then one young daughter, called *Catharine*, whos (as I said before) was married to the French King *Henry* the secoad; she died in *Anno 1588*, about the same time that the Duke of *Guise* was slaine in the Castle of *Bloise* by her sonne *Henry* the third, king of France and *Poland*. In this foresaid *Katharine* ended the direct and right line (speaking of those which were lawfully begotten) of *Cosmo di Medices*, surnamed the great. The forenamed *Lawrence* was a man of great hope for his yeares, for his valour and learning, and was a great *Maeenas* and fauourer of the learned; he left a base sonne behinde him called *Alexander* first Duke of *Florence*, wh (as I said but euern now) was afterward slaine by his owne kinsman. q He meaneth *Dos Italian* Pope *Leo*'s brother, who died of a consuining & languishing disease in *Florence*, whose wife *Philiberta* of *Sauoy*, although she was but young, and withall passing faire, when her husband left her widow, notwithstanding she had many great offers of diuers Princes which then liued; yet did she (to the wondring of every one) gite ouer the world voluntarily, retyning her selfe into a Nunnery, which she her selfe had builte, where she liued in deuotion vnto her dying day. r This was a Noble man of *Florence*, a follower of the *Medices*, and by *Leo* made Cardinall. s He meaneth *Barnard Dinius* of *Bibiena*, who was a mighty man of wealth, & a true friend vnto the *Medices* in all their troubles, aiding them continually with men and money. A man of that good conscience, that *Dos Iulio* Duke of *Nemours* made him his executor when he died, although as then hee had two brethren aliue, which were Pope *Leo*, and *Peter* the eldest of the three. t *Torsy* was *Bibiena*'s chiefe house or place, not farre from *Caleniano*. The Poet saith, he had beene better to haue liued quietly at home, then to haue beene Cardinall, because it cost him so much in afflicting the *Medices* in their troubles, and againe, because he did not long enjoy that honor, but died. u *Contefina* is the name of *Leo* the tenth's mother. x This was the King of France his kinswoman and wife to *Lawrence* the Popes Nephew, of whom we speake before.

That I did helpe them when they did remaine Exiles, and sought to bring them home againe: And that to make the Lambe like *Eco* proue, A Princeley Lyon I did thither moue.

o He that had held *Charles Sofinas* braue spright, Would then perhaps haue said in open sight,

p When he had heard *Lorenzo* to be nam'd By stile of Duke, and with that title fam'd:

q He to Duke *Nemours* would as much haue said, And hot of scornfull eyes haue stood affraid,

r Vnto the Cardinall of *Rosi*, and

s To *Bibiena* (mighty rich in land)

t Who had beene better much if he had staid.

u At *Torsy*, then a red hat to haue swaid:

v He would haue said vnto *Contefina*,

w To *Magdalena* (beauituous at that day):

y Vnto the daughter and the mother in law,
 z And all that house which euery one then saw
 O'recome with ioy, euen thus I say, he wold
 Talke to the world with courage strong and bold.
 Thy similie most properly applide,
 May be to them which doe with greatnesse bide :
 For as their ioyes aboue all ioyes did runne,
 So shall they quickly fade and be vndone.
 a All men must die, their time indures not euer,
 And this strong fate can be eschued neuer :
 That Leo also shall his life resigne ,
 E're Troies first founder shall into the signe !
 Turne eight times; this as Gospell is most true,
 For so each thing did afterwards ensue.
 But to spend much idle talke herein,
 I say, I first of all did then begin,
 To giue or'e all my more then foolish hope,
 When I got nothing of my best knowne Pope.
 If Leo gaue my fortunes nothing, then
 'Tis vaine to hope for gain from other men (draught;
 Deare Lord) thou must with other hookes and
 Fish for me, if thou looke I shall be caught :
 But if perforce thou wilt haue me to goe,
 Thy will be done, and I am prest thereto :
 Yet honour shall not moue me, riches leſſe,
 For neyther of them both I would possesse.
 Honour I scorne, for 'tis meere vanity,
 And riches mixe not with my destiny.
 b Say rather I shall leaue this place I keepe,
 Nor longer with these barbarous people sleepe,
 More rude then are the rockes wherein they dwell,
 So rude their manners are, and wrath so fell,
 Say, I shall not be troubled, some to fine,
 Some to exile, to kill, or to confine :
 Whil'st I complaine that force doth ouer-sway
 All reason, yet that force I must obey.
 Tell me, I shall haue leisure and fit time,
 To talke vnto the Muses in sweet rime,

y This was Alfonzina the Popes sister, and mother vnto Laurence di Medices, vnto whō Leo granted a donation of the profites and exactions of the indulgences in many places in Germany; vpon which occasion Martin Luther began first to take exception against the Pope for the same, and so consequently against the Popish religion.

z The coronation of Leo was so sumptuous and costly, that many tooke exceptions against the same, as in Guychardine more at large appeareth.

a All that were at the coronation of Leo in their iollitie, (I mean the greatest persons) died within a while after, first Peter the elder brother was drowned, Julian the second consumed to death shortly after, Laurence their nephew died of a languishing disease in France, and his wife a little before him left her life there also; so likewise Contefina the Popes mother, Alfonzina his sister, the Cardinals of Rossi & Bibiena, yea and the Pope Leo himselfe : all these, I say, died one after another in a short space, as namely in the space of eight yeares and leſſe.

b He intreateth (rather then to be troubled any more) to be rid first of his Lieutenancy of Graffignana, the countrey being so full of factions and diuisions, and such a number of rebels & Banditi swarming every where, as hee was in a manner weary of his life.

96 The seventh Satyre

c These are the names of certaine learned men, then abiding in Rome, and familiar friendes, and acquaintances, with our Poet.

d Circus was a place like our Tilt-yard, where the auncient Romanes vied to runne with Chariots and horres for certayne games or prises.

e Saburra was a street most of all frequented in Romo, by reason there dwelled many Courtezans, for *Vbi caddunt ibi carui*; and therfore like enough to giue occasion of much quarrell and mut rule among youths, as appeareth by *Iuuenall*, and *Martiall* in these verses.

*Fame, non nimium bone puelle,
Quales in media sedent Saburra.*

f One of the rarest Libraries in the world, built in the Popes Pallace of S Peter in Rome by *Sixtus Quartus*; and much augmented by *Sixtus Quintus*: it is thought there are not so few as ten thousand bookees little and great within the same.

g This *Emilius* was a noble Roman, who hauing married a matueilous faire and beautifull yong Lady, put her away, & being blamed of his friends for so doing, held out his foote vnto them, saying, see you this, my shooe how fine it is made, how well it fits my toote, and how handsom it is for me, and yet none of you all knoweth in what part of my foote it wringeth and pincheth me; even so my wife, althogh as you say, she is fair, courteous & wel spoken, yet none of you know in what sort she offendeth me.

And midst faire groaues and arbors to devise
The strength of verse, and rarely poetize.

c Tell me, with *Sadolet*, with *Bambu, Ionio,*
With *Malza, Vida* and with *Blosio*;
With *Tibaldo* and *Pontanus*, and the rest,
I may liue at mine ease, most happy blest,
Taking for guide, which of them best doth please me;
Or altogether ioyntly sit and ease me,
Whilst they to me old Romes antiquity,

Describe at large with greue authority:

d Saying here *Circus* was, and here did stand
Forum Romanum, and here on this hand:

e *Saburra* stood, this *Sacer Clivus* was,
And now by *Vestas* Temple you doe passe.
Tell me, I cannot any thing indite,
(Nor of what subiect best shall please me write);
But I may counsaile haue, and take advise,

If any doubt doth in the Author rise:

That out of Latine, Tuscan or of Greeke,
I may translate, or any pleasure seeke.

Besides the number great thou maist me tell,
Of worthy ancient bookees which doe excell:

f All which Pope *Sixtus* through the world of late,
Did gather for the good of publique state,
Whil'st this rare library each one may vse,
And what him list may from it cull and chuse.

Now when such proffers thou shalt make to me,
Of noble worth, account and dignity;

And yet this iourney I refuse ne're lesse,
Thou then maist say that frenzie doth possesse

My troubled braime, and melancholy fits,
Hath brought distemperature vnto my wite.

But I, in stead of answering thee, will play

g As did *Emilius* once, who forth did lay
His foot vnto his friend, saying you see (oufly,
How cleane my shooe is made, how neate, how curi-
And yet for all this, little dost thou know,
Where it doth wring me, or doth gall my toe.

Hc

He takes me from my selfe that doth remoue
 My body from the natuе soile I loue.
 For being absent thence, I cannot liue,
 Yea, lay I in *Jones* lap, I yet should grieue.
 And should I not be daily one of those,
 Who for their morning walkes with pleasure goes?

h. Betweenne the *Dome* of Ferrara, and
 Those famous statues which richly stand,
 Of my two noble Marquesses, then I
 Should die with griefe, to want that liberty,
 And leaner would my visage be then his,
 Whose lips the water and the fruit doth kisse;
 Yet hath no power eyther of bothe to taste,
 But pines with hunger, and away doth waste.

Francis the first French King that bare that name,
 One day by fortune vnto Paris came,
 And by a wealthy Burgesse feasted was,
 Whose sumptuous cheere and bounty did surpass.
 Now whil'st the King amongst his minions sate,
 And merrily discou'r'd of euery state:
 Each one began to tell some wondrous thing,
 And 'mongst the rest one tolde vnto the King,
 That at that time within the Citie was
 An old man liuing, who by gesse did passe
 The age of fourescore yeares, yet ne're was seene;
 Out of the wals of Paris to haue beene.
 The King admiring at this tale, straight sent
 For this old man to come incontinent,
 And of him did demaund if true it was,
 That he beyond those wals did never passe;
 Or whether feare or loue became the cause,
 Which his affections to such straightnesse drawes?
 The old man thus replide, So please your grace,
 I was borne, bred, and brought vp in this place;
 And now I am fourescore and ten aboue,
 In all which time my foote did never moue
 Out of the Citie gates, though men of worth,
 Haue by intreaty sought to get me forth:

h. He meaneth the two statues in the market place of Ferrara as you goe to the *Dome*, (which is the Cathedrall Church of the same Citie) the one of *Lionel*, and the other of *Berry*, two Princes of the house of *Este*.

So that 'twas not command, but mine owne will,
 Which in this towne hath thus confin'd me still :
 Besides, no motion in my minde hath moued,
 From whence the countrey sight should be beloued.
 Well then, replide the King, since this long space
 Thou freely with thy friends haft held this place,
 Henceforth I charge thee on the paine of death,
 Thou not presum'st so long as thou haft breath,
 To looke beyond these wals; for I intend,
 As thou haft liued, so thou shalt make an end.
 The poore old man, who never long'd before
 To goe out of the towne, or out of dore,
 As long as it was in his liberty :
 Now that he saw he to the contrary
 Commanded was, with a most strange desire
 To see the countrey he is set on fire :
 But seeing by constraint he thus was tide
 Against his will, for very greefe he didc.
 Noble *Pistofilo*, no such minde I hould
 As this old man did, but I rather would
 Liue in Ferrara cuer from my birth,
 Then any forraine nation of the earth :
 Yet should I be compell'd to leave that place,
 And goe to Rome, it would be lesse disgrace,
 Then to continue in this hellish soile,
 Where nothing is but trouble and turmoile :
 But if my Lord intend me any fauour,
 O let him call me home, or send me rather
 i Vnto *Argento*, *Bondena*, or where
 He can deuise, so I may not liue here.
 If needes I must be made a toyling beast,
 I faine would haue my burthen with the least :
 No pack-horse, but a foot-cloth would I be,
 For they but one man carry easilly.
 To serue the Duke my soule did never grudge,
 Onely I grieue to be a common drudge.
 But now if you demand the reason why,
 I loue mine owne home thus exceedingly,

I Argento and Bondena are Cities belonging to the Duke-dome of Ferrara, to which *Aristo* was often sent by the Duke, and many times vp and downe about his busyness, which he disliked very much.

I will as willingly the same confess,
As I my grievous sinnes doe more or lesse,
Plainly discharge to my Confessors eares,
When at the shrift he all mine errours hearas.
And yet I know, that thus replie you can,
And say: Loe here a perfite well stai'd man,
Offourescore nine yeares at the leaft, and yet,
Of youths worst loosenesse he must haue a fit.
So much to pleasure he his minde doth give,
That without wantonnesse he cannot liue.
But it is well for me, that I can hide
My selfe within this valley where I bide,
And that an hundred miles thy purer eye,
Cannot extend to see my vanity;
Or whether pale or red, I chance to looke,
When with escapes I suddenly am tooke.
For then thou shouldest perceiue, I blusst for shame,
Although my letter do not stiew the same: (Amber,
I And thou wouldest thinke that neither old dame
Nor her young daughter (good stuffe in a chamber),
For all their varnish, looked halfe so red
Or that olde father Canon lately dead,
When he let fall amidst the market place,
A bottle full of wine (with foule disgrace)
Which from a Frier he had but stolne before,
Besides (which were about him found) two more
Were I but with thee now awhile, I doubt
Thy loue would with my folly haue about:
And with a cudgell, thou wouldest beat me well,
To heare these frantick reasons which I tell,
And doe alledge to liue where as thou art,
For were I with thee, I wouldest never part:
But nature and my dutie bids me serue
My Prince and countrey, as they do deserue,
Although there is another whom I wouldest
Rather attend on, if get leauue I could.
Great Lord, thou art a Courtier by thy place,
And maist command, for thou haft speciall grace:

¶ He frankly confesseth that he cannot liue except hee enjoy the company of his Mistresse.

¶ The first a notable old mother baude, and the other a famous Courtezane of Ferrara in those dayes.

¶ He meaneth his Mistresse, whom he saith, he had rather attend on, then vpon any Prince in the world.

This *Pifflisfo*, Secretary to *Alphonso*, Duke of Ferrara, was a man low of stature, & little in body, but of so excellent a wit, and happy memory, that none liued in those daies like vnto him. Besides he was of a sweet conuersation, and an humble carriage towards all men; insomuch as being of the Dukes priuy Counsell, he was greatly favoured and beloued as well of Prince as of the people. Duke *Alphonso*, would merrily say, that what through this little Pinace the Bonauenture and his strong Castle *Barletto* (alluding to the name of his Secretary, which was Bonauenter *Pifflisfo*, and his chiefe Generall of all his forces, called *Galeazzo Barletto*, a famous Soldier) hee thought him selfe strong enough to encounter with any of his neighbour Princes. This Secretary was an inward friend and of great acquaintance with *Nicholas Machiavel*, and *Peter Arretyme*, who liued in the reigne of Henry the eighth of famous memory, King of England Hedi-ed in Ferrara, but his body with soleane pompe was conveyed to bee buried at Modena, where he was borne, it being interred in the Monastery of S Francis, there where his monument is at this day to be scene. o *Pifflisfo* performed this request of *Ariosto*; for within a while after, he had liberty to come to Ferrara, where hee liued quietly and in great credite vntill his dying day.

The Dukes chiefe Secretary thou onely art,
And mak'st him blisst that liues within thy hart.
Although thou little in thy stature be,
The great in Court are glad to crouch to thee:
And truely worthy art thou of thy place,
Since to all vertues thou dost give all grace.
Wisely thou dost, for better 'tis the loue
Of people, then their hatred to approue:
Chiefly where Princes as their fancies range,
Their fauourites do often chop and change.
But yet for all these caps and bended knees,
Which done vnto thee of all sorts thou see'st:
Sir (by your leue) for all your gallant glory,
You sometimes feele what makes you sad and sory.
Oft do you wish, denie it if you can,
That you might liue like to a private man:
Courts haue their crosses, kingly crowns their cares,
Who unriest liues, the best of all men fares.
Vnto no Embassie doe me preferre,
But to my Mistresse, I would goe to her.
o Intreat the Duke I may come home againe,
And that's the boone I craue of all my paine:
Let him but me vnto Ferrara call,
And thou shalt haue my thanks, life, soule and all.

FINIS.

Three most excellent Elegies written by that
famous Poet, LODOVICO AZIO STO;
the first uttered by IL DISGRATIATO, who
through extreme rage pulled out his owne eyes: the
second by DON INFELICE, who with sorrow
wept out his eyes: and the third by DISAVENTURATO
who with a passion of madnesse, buraus
his eyes with the scorching heate of
the Sunne beames.

The generall Argument of the threes Elegies.

Three Gentlemen of honorable descent in Italy,
being enamored of three most beautifull Ladies,
and following them in great secretie many years (who
promising also to be loyall to their well deserving ser-
vants, yet proued after so to be false and unconstant).
after they had most apparantly found and perceived
that their Mistresses were mutable, they tooke their
disloyalty so inexpressable grieuous, that the first called
Il Disgratiato, being in extreme fury, pulled out his own
eyes: The second Don Infelice grieved so extremely
that through his extreme sorrow he wept out his owne
eyes: And the third Disauenturato, fixing his face
for the nonce against the scorching beames of the
Sunne, in the hottest time of Sommer, being, in a man-
ner madde for anger, burnt out his owne eyes wth the
very heate of the same, because he would see her no
more, who had so much before bewitched his sight.

ELEGIE. I.

The complaint of the first Gentleman Il Disgratiato,
who through extreme rage pulled out his owne eyes.



Oue, thou hast curst me with blacke desteny,
To loue her best who said she best lou'd me,
And yet (by her sweet selfe I swere) I liued
In thine my torment so content, vngriued.

O.

That